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A CONSUMMATE IDYL.

The string that tied the dog fetched loose,
The dog came howling on;
That misadventure cooked his goose,
His cup of joy was gone.
Swift for the picket fence he sped,
As swallows skim the plain:
Two inches scant the dog he led;
He never smiled again.

Bright eyes were passing on the street,
Soft voices laughed in glee,
And merry shouts from happy hearts
Called other hearts to see.
He reached the fence, he strove to climb
With sudden, mighty strain;
Sore was his need, scant was his time—
He never smiled again.

Where erst, like robins in the spring,
His sweetheart's voice he heard,
He hears her father's accents ring
With many a heartless word.
One leg the bristling fence bestrides,
But hastening in his train
The haughty dog his speed derides—
He never smiled again.

Around him whirled the giddy throng
With happy fancies blest;
Around him rose the roystering song,
The laugh, the merry jest;
He lived—for life may long be borne,
Ere sorrow breaks its chain;
But the dog he chewed him all forlorn—
He never smiled again.

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Anticipation.

What a glorious thing it is, when our first waking thoughts not only dispel some dark depressing dream, but arouse us to the consciousness of a new and bright career suddenly opened before us, buoyant in hope, rich in the promise for the future! Life has nothing better than this. The bold spring by which the mind clears the depth that separates misery from happiness, is ecstasy itself; and, then, what a world of bright visions come teeming before us—what plans we form—what promises we make to ourselves in our hearts—how prolific is the dullest imagination—how excursive the tamest fancy, at such a moment! In a few short and fleeting seconds, the events of a whole life are planned and pictured before us. Dreams, happiness and visions of bliss, of which all our after-years are insufficient to eradicate the prestige, come in myriads about us; and from that narrow aperture through which this new hope pierces into our heart, a flood of light is poured that illumes our path to the very verge of the grave. How many a success in after-days is reckoned but as one step in that ladder of ambition some boyish review has framed; perhaps, after all, destined to be the first and only one! With what triumph we hail some goal attained, some object of our wishes gained, less for its present benefit, than as the accomplishment of some youthful prophecy, when, picturing to our hearts all that we would have in life, we whispered within us the flattery of success.

Who is there who has not had such moments? and who would exchange it, with all the delusive and deceptive influences by which it comes surrounded, for the greatest actual happiness he has partaken of? Alas! alas! it is only in the boundless expanse of such imaginations, unreal and factitious as they are, that we are truly blessed. Our choicest blessings in life come even so associated with some sources of care, that the cup of enjoyment is not pure, but dregged in bitterness.—[From "Charles O'Mally."

A Timely Precaution.

Beware of poisonous plants and shrubs. We mention a few of the most common that should not be touched: The two varieties of poison-ivy, sometimes called poison-vine and poison oak, one of which grows erect as a shrub from two to five feet high, and the other as a vine from eight to thirty feet high. Poison sumac, also known as poison elder and swamp dog-wood, growing as a shrub or small tree from ten to eighteen feet high, generally in moist places; the foliage is light green. Of those which should not even be placed in the mouth are the wild carrot, wild parsley, cowbane, hemlock-parsley, water hemlock (the roots of which are deadly poison), and poison hemlock (also a virulent poison;) the root, leaves and berries of pokeweed, scake and jarget are poisonous. Children sometimes eat the berries of the buck-thorn, which is a violent and dengerous purgative, frequently producing dangerous symptoms.

The only safe way to avoid the unpleasant or dangerous effects is to scrupulously refrain from handling or chewing any plant, or any part of it, unless the plant is well known to you and known to be innoxious.

As ivy is one of the most common poisons, the following preventive may be found efficacious: "If you have been in contact with it, as soon as possible thereafter sponge yourself thoroughly all over with strong vinegar or alcohol, with salt sufficient in it to make it briny; then wash off with strong soap-suds.

Cure for the affection: When it breaks out scratch it till the surface is highly irritated then apply a strong solution of oxalic acid. This is very severe, but a single application will be sufficient.

Woman's Inhumanity to Her Sex.

A young woman who served out a sentence of five years in the Maine state prison, found means of education, and, becoming thoroughly reformed, left the prison in appearance a lady. She was employed by a dry goods firm in Portland as saleswoman and gave perfect satisfaction to her employers, 'till one day a wealthy lady of the place entered the store and recognized her. Calling the proprietor aside, she told him that the girl had been in the state prison. He replied that he knew it, but that she had done her duty faithfully, and that they were well satisfied with her. "Well," said the lady, "if you keep her in your store I will neither trade with you myself nor suffer any of my friends to, if I can help it." So the proprietor, rather than lose his customer, called in the poor girl and discharged her. A merchant who would do an act of this kind ought to be sent to the penitentiary himself. People, and especially those who imagine themselves at the top of society, are ever ready to cast a stone at those who are compelled to work for a living, and there are few cases on record where a fallen woman has been aided in her attempts to rise, while the annals of the world are filled with the slander of innocent girls who, in nine cases out of ten are more pure and charitable than their slanderers.

Lassoing a Wild-Cat.

A pleasant drive of twenty-eight miles brought us to the famous Bluff Creek ranch, where the great heathen missionary, the Rev. John Glenn, is resident pastor and distributor of food, raiment and German mineral water to the footsore, the weary and the thirsty. Two miles from the parson's the range of the Doctor "takes holt." After crossing this we observed in the distance a solitary horseman, who on closer examination proved to be one of the Doctor's henchmen. While talking cow to him a tremendous wildcat, fully four feet long, jumped up in front of us and started for the brush, but the rowels were already in the flanks of Charles' horse, and at a breakneck speed, the lariat curving its graceful and certain coils above his head went pursuer and pursued. When within twenty-five feet of his catship the lariat was thrown, and, uncircling like the wierd chain of a magician, landed the fatal noose around Loudon's neck. Never was a wildcat of any description in a tighter embrace; horse at full run, the rope fastened to the horn of the saddle, and the game making unwilling jumps of twenty to thirty feet. This, however, only lasted a few hundred feet, when the cat catching the rope with her teeth snapped it as if it were a tow string. Charley, finding that his line was empty and his hook gone (as a fisherman would say,) returned to look at the dead quadruped. Dead! "He was not dead but sleeping." For with a yell and two bounds he cleared at least forty feet, and fastening one set of claws in Charles' leggins and the other in the hip of the horse, he seemed to insist on a ride and a square meal. But for the presence of mind of the rider and his luck in having a three pound loaded quirt, with which he mashed the animal's skull, we rather opine he would have been the best mounted wildcat in the cattle regions of the West.—[*Ford County Globe.*

How to Paralyze a "Masher."

The Baltimore *American* gives ladies a hint for the paralysis of "mashers:"

The lady has only to cast her eyes modestly down and fix her gaze intently on the feet of the masher. The glance at the feet should be concentrated, yet full of pity, and should linger slightly as the lady passes by. Instantly the whole platoon of mashers is affected by a profound distrust. The sympathetic look strikes terror to their souls. They all cast down their eyes, and look at their own feet. The horrible fear that their shoes are not in the latest style takes possession of their bosoms. Each one is shaken with the conviction that his foot is abnormally spacious; he becomes conscious of multitudinous protruding corns and bunions; his shoes, peradventure, are muddy or dusty; or something has gone wrong with the set of his trousers at the ankle. The stoutest lah-de-dah collapses at the mere possibility of such a thing—his nerve is gone. The eyeglass falls from his eye, his arms lose their kimbo; he feels that his pantaloons are cupped at the knees, and that his coat is full of misfits and wrinkles; he suspects the cleanliness of his stockings, shudders at the thought that the sole and upper leather have parted company, revealing that painful fact. He even flies to some secluded spot and makes a protracted investigation before he can satisfy himself that all is right. And even then his nerves do not recover their tone. He is liable to be again panic-stricken. A glance of pity mingled with a slight smile cast at his feet will renew and aggravate all his paralytic symptoms.

The masher, the lad-de-dah and lum um, like all other creatures, have their weak spots. To prevent a hog from rooting, slit his nose; to keep a jackass from braying, weight down his tail; to keep a masher from mashing, gaze sadly at his feet!

Every Day Thoughts.

Ah, how sad and vain a thing is regret When too late, some past wrong-doing will burden the memory, and the bitter truth we tried to veil, even from our own hearts, is revealed in all its undisguise. Who has not to repent some slight, thoughtless omission of duty or kindness toward those whom they love? What even are regrets compared with the anguish of feeling of having parted from a friend—perhaps from our best beloved—with unkind and cruel words? It may have been those words were uttered carelessly, lightly, as the wild and wanton breeze sweeps by but they leave a pain, as the breeze leaves some scattered rose-leaves to mark its track. Or it may have been they were purposely spoken, prompted by pride and passion and imagined wrong. Such has been an episode in many a life. The cause we know not, any more than that of the little fragment from which I quote, whose actors and whose story are alike unknown But what a fitting place and time was that for such a parting!

By the seething main,
While the dark wrack drives overhead.

And one is drifted out into the mist and storm—the other left to mourn the embittered past, pleading from the far spirit-land for that forgiveness earth cannot accord.

When Marksmen Miss.

This is a French story: It is a well-known fact that the best marksmen's aim is often unsteady when he has an animated target opposite him. One of these "crack" shots was showing off his skill before a numerous company, and the ground was soon strewn with the remnants of the plaster figures he had successively brought down. All present were in raptures except one spectator, standing apart from the rest, who after each shot observed, in a perfectly-audible tone, "He would not do as much if he had a man facing him."

This remark, several times repeated, at last so exasperated the performer that he turned toward the speaker and inquired if he would be the man to face him?

"Certainly," was the reply, "and what is more, you may have the first shot."

As every one was curious to witness the result of this singular duel, the whole party adjourned to the Bois de Vincennes, and, the word being given, the hero of the shooting gallery fired and missed. His adversary shrugged his shoulders and fired in the air.

"What did I tell you?" he said, and walked away as unconcerned as if nothing had happened.

A Man Shopping.

If you want to torture the average man, send him shopping. More misery cannot be heaped upon him, especially if he has to go to a store where the clerks are ladies and he doesn't know exactly what he wants to buy. A lady clerk has such a way of utterly crushing a man and making him realize his ignorance. We had a little experience the other day. We wanted enough cotton to pack a set of jewelry in a box some two inches square. This cotton we set out to purchase. We had an indefinite idea we could get it at a big variety store on Tremont street, and we drifted around that way. But when we got there and looked in, we didn't have the nerve to enter. It was crowded, and we didn't know which way to turn after we got there, and we felt that we should get lost there, and altogether it was no use. We wouldn't do it. So we went round to Tremont Row, and finally found a store that was comparatively quiet, and there we entered and explained to the best-natured looking saleswoman that we wanted some cotton batting. She said they had it for 15, 20 and 25 cents. We said we'd take the best, and away she went. Soon she returned, followed by a boy with a roll of cotton about the size of a beer cask. That was handed to us. We gazed at it and concluded that it was more than we needed for that jewelry box. We said to the lady: "Madam, you are mistaken. We don't desire to start a wholesale cotton mart, we don't desire to get up a corner in cotton, we don't run a burlesque troupe. What we want is about enough cotton to fill a box two inches square." Several lady customers overheard us, and looked at us and the roll of cotton. And then they kind of snickered, and the clerk looked at us with a glance of contemptuous pity that was worse than the laughter of the customers. We finally got the cotton and fled from the store, but we had got to feeling so annoyed and mortified that we didn't get over it all day. And we rather enjoy shopping for a man. —*Boston Globe.*

The Clean Newspaper.

There is a growing feeling in healthy communities against journals which make it their special object to minister to a perverted taste by seeking out and serving up in a seductive form disgusting and licentious revelations. There is good reason to believe that the clean newspaper is more highly prized to-day than it was four or five years ago. It is also safe to predict that as people in all ranks of life, who protect their own, at least from contamination, becoming more conscious of the pernicious influence of a certain class of journals, called enterprising because they are ambitious to serve up dirty scandals, they will be careful to see that the journals they permit to be read in the family circle are of the class that never forget the proprieties of life. Already men and women of refinement and healthy morals have had their attention called to the pernicious influence of bad literature, and have made commendable efforts to counteract the same by causing sound literature to be published and sold at popular prices. These efforts are working a silent but sure revolution. The best authors are more generally read to-day than at any previous date. The sickly sentimental story paper and the wild ranger and pirate story books are slowly but surely yielding the field to worthier claimants. To the praise of the decent newspaper, it may be said that where it has a place in the family and has been read for years by young as well as old, it has developed such a healthy tone and such a discriminating taste that the life-nature of the slums has no admirers. Fortunately the number of such families is increasing in the land, and, as they increase, the journal that devoted itself to sickening revelations of immorality will be compelled to find its supporters solely among those classes who pratice vice and crime or are ambitious to learn to follow such ways.

The first complete translation of the Bible in the English language was printed in the year 1535. A perfect copy of it sold for $1,750, in 1838.

The Book of Common Prayer has been translated into more than sixty languages, and a million copies of it are printed every year.

James Franklin's old printing press, at which his brother Benjamin worked as an apprentice, is on exhibition at the Old South Church, Boston. It is now the property of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, to which it was presented by Mr. John B. Murray, some years since.

Blackwood says of George Eliot's mode of composition: "She was the most careful and accurate among authors; her beautifully written manuscript, free from blur or erasure, and with every letter delicately and distinctly finished, was only the outward and visible sign of inward labor, which she had taken to work out her ideas. She never drew any of her facts or impressions from second hands, and thus, in spite of the number and variety of her illustrations, she had rarely much to correct in her proof sheets."

When a child begins to read it becomes delighted with a newspaper because it reads of names and things which are familiar, and it will progress accordingly. A newspaper, in one year, is worth a quarter's schooling to a child. Every father must consider that information is connected with advancement. The mother of a family, being one of its heads, and having a more immediate charge of children, should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency Children amused by reading or study are of course more considerate, and more easily managed.

A rapid penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his pen through the space of a rod, sixteen and a half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong. We make, on an average, sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words in a minute, we must make 480 turns to each minute; in an hour, 28,000; in a day of only five hours, 144,000; in a year of 300 such days, 43,200,000. The man, therefore, who made 1,000,000 strokes with his pen was not at all remarkable. Many men—newspaper writers, for instance—make 4,000,000. Here we have, in the aggregate, a mark 300 miles long to be traced on paper by such a writer in a year.

Home Love.

Home love is the best love. The love that you were born to is the sweetest you will ever have on earth. You, who are so anxious to escape from the home nest, pause a moment and remember this is so. It is right that the hour should come when you, in your turn, should become a wife and mother and give the best love to others; but that will be just it. Nobody—not a lover, not a husband—will ever be so tender, so true as your mother or your father. Never again, after strangers have broken the beautiful bond, will there be anything so sweet as the little circle of mother, father and children, where you were cherished, protected and kept from harm. You may not know it now, but you will know it some day. Whomsoever you may marry, true and good though he may be, after the love days are over and the honeymoon has waned, give you only what you deserve of love and sympathy—and usually much less; never more. You must watch and be wary, lest you lose that love which came in through the eyes because the one who looked thought you beautiful. But those who bore you, who loved you when you were that dreadful little object, a small baby, and thought you exquisitely beautiful and wonderfully brilliant—they do not care for faces that are fairer and forms that are more graceful than yours. You are their very own, and so better to them always than others.

Gymnastics as a Cure of Disease.

Boerhaave, the great Dutch physician, incribed on the wall of his lecture-room, "I gave the medicine, God cured the disease." He was far in advance of the doctors of his era, and promulgated ideas which were then novel, but which science has since made common place.

In an age of dosing, when quantity was as much thought of as quality, he said:

"When I reflect on the immunity of hardworking people from the effects of wrongliving and overfeeding, I cannot help thinking that most of our fashionable diseases might be cured mechanically, instead of chemically, by climbing a bitterwood tree, or chopping it down, if you like, rather than swallowing a decoction of its disgusting leaves."

Each schoolboy now knows that physical vigor is the basis of bodily health, and may only be retained by exercise. But in those days few physicians cared to utter the truth, even if they themselves knew it.

The ancient Greeks, knowing that an effeminate man is half sick, provided gymnastic exercises. They used these to promote health and prevent disease. An old Greek doctor, Asclepiadese, is quoted as an authority by Dr. Oswald to enforce the idea that gymnastics will cure disease.

The philosopher had found that health could be preserved, and if lost restored, by physical exescise alone, and not only discarded the use of internal remedies, but made public declaration that he would forfeit all claim to the title of physician if he should ever fall sick or die but by violence or extreme old age.

Asclepiadese kept his word, for he lived upward of a century, and died from the effects of an accident. He used to prescribe a course of gymnastics for every form of bodily ailment.

Choice Thoughts.

Moral decision is a virtue of the highest order.

Fortitude is the guard and support of other virtues.

Strive and encourage a mind and will of your own.

Never be persuaded contrary to your better judgment.

The heart is the only thing that is better by being broken.

Choose those companions who administer to your improvement.

It's easy finding reasons why other people should be good-natured.

Take life just as God gives it to you, and make it beautiful as you can.

The noblest deeds are often done where no eye but God's can see them.

Allowing the "blues" to master you is a sure way of cutting your life short.

The man who sits down on the road to success and waits for a free ride is sure to be left.

One of life's hardest lessons from the cradle to the grave is waiting. We send our ships out but cannot patiently await their return.

No persons, be they in ever so humble circumstances, but what have some quality of mind that entitles them to an equality with their fellow-beings.

A man who is unable to discover any errors or mistakes in the opinions he formerly held, is not likely to advance very fast in the requirement of knowledge.

To succeed in any of life's endeavors, be our talents what they may, we require perseverance, decision and tenacity of will to reach the full measure of success.

From the very hovels of poverty and destitution, we may, with self-reliance, wreathe about our heads laurels of undying fame and receive as a reward for our labors a crown of eternal life.

He understands liberty aright who makes his own depend upon that of others. True liberty does not permit the enfranchisement of one's self through the enslavement of some one else.

On the banks of the "Blue Juniata" in Huntingdon County, stands the quiet little town of Alexandria. Years ago in and about the village lived a wild and evil man, the terror of the county, known as "Lewis, the robber. Many a night traveller lost his gold, and many a wagoner on the old Pittsburg and Philadelphia pike was bereft of his valuables. Recently two gentlemen went out hunting, on Short Mountain, a mile or two west of town. They shot a squirrel, which, wounded, ran into the trunk of a large oak. What was their surprise when groping into the hollow trunk for their game to discover an old Dutch oven full of Spanish doubloons, Mexican dollars, English sovereigns and other coins, all dated previous to the year 1820. Several packages of paper were found, which crumbled to dust as soon as touched. Their glittering wealth, which they divided between them, amounted to several thousand dollars. It is supposed that all this wealth was deposited in the tree by "Lewis, the robber."

THE EMANCIPATION.

The Procession—Oration at Night, &c

The Procession, which was not formed until after 1 o'clock, was in the following order:

Squad of eighteen mounted police, under command of Sergt. McCathran.

Chief marshal—Perry H. Carson, Aids—Stewart Campbell, Addison Day, J. C. Smith, Ottawa Holmes, Frank Brown, William J. Tyler, B. G. McDonnell, H. J. McCay, H. E. Brown, John Barber, L. A. Webb, M. F. Hawkins, R. D. Ruffin, John Watts, William F. Wilson, Hyber Myers, Arthur Shepherd, C. F. Mosely, George W. Phillips, W. H. Johnson, Randall Bowie, S. H. Williams, William H. Beckett, William H. Diggs, Henry Harris, A. J. White, Bernard Alban, Robert Miller Isaac Lewis, H. Smallwood, Addison Bailey, Stephen Harris, John S. Bell, John Buckman, James Garner, Samuel Whelun, Noble Fry and Henry Thomas.

Chief of staff, John W. Freeman; Nelson Green as right aid, Walker Middleton as left aid, and Minor F. Hamlin as secretary. Aids to the chief of staff—R. F. McCullough, Wesley Johnson, J. D. Lawson, R. A. Armstead, Henson Primrose, Charles White, George W. Dixon, Tilman Dorsey, Grank Benjaman, R. G. Owsley, John P. Rawles, Gilbert Gray, Daniel Keyes, Jacob Fisher, Richard Pollard, Moses Owen, C. B. Grayan, R. Anderson, Charles Lewis, George W. Sumer, Robert Stewart, Samuel S Smith, Arthur Pratt, Thomas Brown.

FIRST DIVISION—THE MILITARY.

Empire City Band. Maj. C. B. Fisher commanding battalion. Monumental City Guards, of Brltimore, 63 men; First Lieut. William R. Spencer commanding; Second Lieut. William Wilson. Butler Zouaves, 40 men; First Lieut. Benjamin Loring commanding; Second Lieut. John Moore. Baltimore Rifles, 45 men; Capt. George M. Matthews; First Lieut. J. W. Flint; Second Lieut. R. P. Tiernan. Capital City Guard, company A, 45 men; Capt. T. S. Kelley; First Lieut. P. P. Meredith; Second Lieut. John Shepherd. Capital City Guard, company B, 48 men; Capt. Gray; Lieuts. Smallwood and Smith. National Garfield Guards, 45 men; Capt. Tucker. Websters Rifles, 30 men and drum corps; Capt P H. Simmons; First Lieut, R. D. Marshall; Second Lieut E. Garrett. Lincoln Light Infantry, of West Washington, 25 men; Capt. William Cornell; First Lieut. Daniel Washington. Smith's Drill Commandery, of Baltimore, 30 men; States General W. H. Smith, Deputy Albert Smith, States Chaplain R, Brown, Statet Treasurer J. H. Thomas, States Scribe David Graves, Deputy Scribe I Oliver, Smith's drum corps. Washington Cadets, with drum corps, 60 men, Capt. Fleetwood and Lieut. Perry and Brockenborough. Morton Post No. 4, G. A. R., Commander Geo. T. Graham, Senior Vice Commander J. W. Butcher, Junior Vice Commander Wesley Howard, Quartermaster T. U. Crawford and Adjutant C. H. Shorter. Sumner Mounted Guard, 20 men, Capt. Ralph Wormley.

SECOND DIVISION—CIVIL ORGANIZATIONS.

Hod-carriers' union, Calvin C. Ball, president; chief marshal, Grandison Powell; deputy marshal, H. A. Green; 500 men, with a handsome banner, appropriate to the craft. Sons and Daughters of Liberty—50 sons and four carriages full of daughters—Phillip Tyler, grand chief; John Pollars, past grand chief. Fourth Ward Ethiopian Minstrels, No. 1, Wm. Harris, president; 26 men. West Washington Union Labor association, 40 men; Logan Williams, president. Chariot representing the twelfth district, with Miss Grace Allen as queen, and her attendants. Young Men's Social Club, Daniel Stillyard marshal. Washington Star Pioneers, headed by the Rockville band, 20 men; Capt. John Henry Johnson, commanding, Lieut. Frank Perry, Sergt. R. Graves. Washington Brick Machine Union association, No. 1, sixteen men, in carriages, George E. Gett, president. Gay Heart Social club, W. Freeman, president. A wagon representing the old second legislative district, with men beating an anvil. Cosmetic Social club, J. Bawles, president. A chariot representing the fourteenth, fifteenth and nineteenth districts, with Miss Nannie Hawkins as queen. Independent Arthur Socials, Charles Johnson, president. The Invincible Social club, with the Excelsior band, Abner Jones, president; James Walkinson, vice president, and Joseph Marshall, marshal. Representatives of the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh districts, with Cole's band, Noble Williams, chief marshal. Accompanying this delegation was a four horse chariot, gaily decorated, in which rode Miss Margaret Gray, enthroned as queen, surrounded by her maids of honor. A wagon representing the Knights of Labor, with four horses and the goddess of liberty on a thorne. Delegation representing the old fifth ward; Daniel Steelyard marshal; aids, Moses Bell and R. Richardson. Commandery of Moses, No. 1. East Washington Social Club. Knights of Jerusalem; Wm. Smith, captain general, A. Brooks, first lieutenant, James Patterson, second lieutenant, Thomas Perry grand secretary. After the line was formed and moved a large number of organizations dropped in line. Among these were representatives of the Chaldeans, Knights of Moses, Galileean Fishermen, Sons and Daughters of Samaria, Osceolas, Solid Yantics, Monitor, Celestial, Golden Links, Lively Eight, Imperials, Independent Fern Leaf Social Club. Paper Hanger's chariot, presided over by Peter Farmer and John Hill. The Six Good Brothers were seated in a wagon, contained the "Happy Six." Rick's Park chariot, in which a couple of beer kegs, occupied prominent positions. The Washington National Brass band. R. McKenney, leader, occupied a prominent place in the procession. A long line of carriages, occupied by ministers of the gospel, speakers, and committemen, brought up an rear.—*Republican.*

At night the exercises were continued at the Congregational Church, M. M. Holland presided. Letters regretting in ability to be present were read from the President, the Atty. Genl., S. P. Rounds, Commissioner Loring, Senator Logan and Senator Mahone. Mr. Douglass delivered the oration. It was one of the very best of his efforts, the clearest as well as the boldest, one which was most enthusiastically received and universally approved. It was printed in Tuesday's *Republican.* We regret that we can only reproduce the conclusion which epitomizes the main points!

Friends and fellow citizens, in conclusion, I return to the point from which I started, namely: What is to be the future of the colored people of this country? Some change in their condition seems to be looked for by thoughtful men everywhere; but what that change will be no one yet has been able to with certainty to predict. Three different solutions to this difficult problem have been given and adopted by different classes of the American people. First, colonization in Africa. Second, extinction through poverty, disease and death. Third, assimilation and unification with the great body of the American people. Plainly, it is a matter about which no man can be very positive. In scanning the social sky, he may fall into mistakes as great as those which vexed the souls of a Wiggins and Vennor and other weather prophets. Appearances are deceptive. No man can see the end from the beginning. It is, however, consoling to think that this limitation upon human foresight has helped us in the past, and may help us in the future. Could William, the Silent, have foreseen the misery and ruin he would bring upon this country by taking up the sword against the Spanish. Inquisition he might have thought the sacrifice great. Had William Lloyd Garrison foreseen that he would be hated, persecuted, mobbed, imprisoned, and drawn through the streets of his beloved Boston with a halter about his neck, even his courage might have quailed, and the native hue of his resolution been sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. Could Abraham Lincoln have foreseen the immense cost, the terrible hardships, the awful waste of blood and treasure involved in the effort to retake and repossess the ports and arsenals and other property captured by the confederate states, could he have foreseen the tears of the widows and orphans, and his own warm blood trickling at the bidding of an assassin's bullet he might have thought the sacrifice too great. In every great movement men are prepared by preceding events for those which are to come; we neither know the evil nor the good which may be in store for us. Twenty-five years ago the system of slavery seemed impregnable. Cotton was king, and the civilized world acknowledged his sway. Twenty-five years ago no man could have foreseen that in less ten years from that time no master would wield a lash, and no slave would clank a chain in the United States; who at that time dreamed that the Negroes would ever be seen, as we have seen them to-day, marching through the streets of this superb city—the capital of this great nation—with eagles on their buttons, muskets on their shoulders, and swords by their sides, timing their high footsteps to the "Star Spangled Banner" and the Red, White, and Blue?" who at that time dreamed that colored men would ever sit in the house of representatives and in the senate of the United States? With a knowledge of the events of the last score of years, with a knowledge of the sudden and startling changes which have already come to pass, I am not prepared to say what the future will be, But I will say that I do not look for colonization, either in or outside of the United States. Africa is too far off, even if we desired to go there, which we do not. The navy of all the world would not be sufficient to remove our natural increase to that far off country. Removal to any of the territories is out of the question.

We have no business to put ourselves before the bayonets of the white race. We have seen the fate of the Indian. As to extinction, the prospect in that direction has been greatly clouded by the census just taken, in which it is seen that our increase is 10 per cent. greater than that of the white people of the south.

There is but one destiny, it seems to me, left for us, and that is to make ourselves, and to be made by others, a part of the American people in every sense of the word. Assimilation, not isolation, is our true policy and our natural destiny. Unification for us is life. Separation is death. We cannot afford to set up for ourselves a separate political party or adopt for ourselves a political creed apart from the rest of our fellow citizens. Our own interests will be best subserved by a generous care for the interests of the nation at large. All the political, social, and literary forces around us tend to unification. I am more inclined to accept this solution, because I have seen the steps already taken in that direction. The American people have their prejudices, but they have other qualities as well. They easily adapt themselves to inevitable conditions, and all their tendency is to progress, enlightenment, and to the general.

It's comin yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

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METHODIST UNION.

They say that great minds often run in the same channel. Bishop H. M. Turner in the last issue of the *Christian Recorder*, had an excellent article advocating the union of the different colored Methodist Episcopal denominations into one organization, and a minister of the M. E. Church South begins in this week's issue of the *Independent* a series of articles entitled "The Reunion of American Methodism," in which the union of all the Methodist bodies is contemplated, though not without a hint that the union of "the Negro Methodists * * * in one organization distinct from the churches of the whites" is contemplated.

An article entitled "Caste or Christ," read before the New York Methodist Preachers' Meeting, February 12th, published in the same issue of the *Independent*, will not only throw a side light on the discussion as to the future of the Methodist Episcopal bodies, but do much to effect a favorable solution.

The M. E. and M. E. Church South can not in the nature of things remain long apart, without doing violence to fundamental economic laws. On the other hand the colored Episcopal bodies, more of rivals than the M. E. and M. E. South, can not remain apart, with their identity of religious belief, form of worship, discipline and general autonomy, without provoking a conflict that is liable to prove a serious drawback, if not a positive injury, to the harmonious working of their different organtzations.

If a spirit of true fraternity should bring the M. E. and M. E. Church South together, with all their recollections of a bitter past, what should keep the A. M. E., A. M. E. Zion and C. M. E. denominations apart, with no vital, essential differences between them and the remembrance of no struggles save those growing out of ecclesiastical spoils?

The M. E. and M. E. South can not continne two independent bodies without threatening the smouldering embers of sectional feeling. The A. M. E., A. M. E. Zion and the C. M. E. can not go on as now without injury to themselves and the common cause. A colored and a white Methodist Episcopal organization can not be maintained without broadening and deepening the color-line in society. Public sentiment has not yet sufficiently advanced for all the different Methodist Episcopal organizations to be one. Progress does not go by leaps, by sudden bounds, but by steps. It strikes us the step now to be taken is by the different colored organizations referred to, and in the direction of union among themselves. When the resultant white organization is sufficiently advanced as to dispense with the color-line, the step is then for all to join hands in an organization which will be in keeping with the spirit of the immortal John Wesley.

KENTUCKY IN LINE.

Events crowd with such rapidtiy one upon the other, that we have but a moment to glance at the past and note the marvellous progress we have made, the amazing speed with which we are being rushed upon a new era. Two weeks ago a convention of the educational workers and the friends of education met in the Hall of Representatives in the city of Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky. White and colored teachers, white and colored editors and other educational workers sat side by side, on terms of equality, vieing with one another to see who could do most to serve the state by promoting the cause of intellectual progress. The result of the convention is that the whole state is afire with an educational enthusiasm. The good will not be confined to Kentucky; other Southern states will see the benificent results of such meetings, will hold similar gatherings and profit by them. When we recollect that it was only a few days prior to the meeting of this convention that a United States judge in the same state rendered a decision which may lead to the admission of colored children to the public schools in the more sparsely settled communities of that section; and when such a prominent white delegate as Stoddard Johnson expressing a desire that the color-line should be obliterated, confesses that he would have no objection to being taught by colored teachers present in the convention, even if he endeavored subsequently to explain that he had no reference to mixed schools, though it was the sequence to his reasoning. When we bear these facts in mind, it may be seen that Kentucky is on the highway to a practical solution of the Negro problem by according to him, first of all, equal and exact justice in affording to him ample facilities for a common school education.

EMANCIPATION DAY.

The demonstration of last Monday shows how heartily the entire population had entered into the spirit of the day. The rain fell in drenching showers, still throngs filled the sidewalks; hundreds, yea, thousands in line, on horse, on foot, in buggies and in carriages, cheerfully went over the long line of march, and at night in concert hall, at oratorical exercises, at promenade entertainments, disregarded the still inclement weather to continue the celebration. Let it no more be said that the colored people can not be united in behalf of any commendable purpose. The spirit of liberty that woke them to conscious existence twenty-one years ago still arouses them, and on such holiday occasions awakens the memories and enthusiasm of the dawn of universal emancipation. It does more: it pays homage to those statesmen who led the way from chattel slavery to full panoplied citizenship. It causes retrospect; tt compels prospect.

As soil broken up by the plow and harrow is ready for seed from the sower, so on these occasions the people are prepared for the lessons of wisdom and experience, for the instruction needful for their future progress and complete development.

"The hour and the man" were united in Frederick Douglass at the Congregational church Monday night. The apostle of the gospel of emancipation, none could more eloquently than he trace the rise of the individual and organized movements which culminated in emancipation. The calm, philosophic outlook begotten of his abundant and varied personal experience, enabled him to detect impending perils and to note as well the signs of ultimate peace, of reconciliation and of final deliverance.

THE CONVENTION.

Two things are clear from the current discussion among our colored exchanges on the proposed national convention: First, that they are decidedly in favor of the convention. Second, that a majority are opposed to its being held in Washington. Now, although we have not seen any argument against Washington that can not, in our opinion, be successfully refuted, THE ADVOCATE is willing to yield the point in the interest of the general good. We, therefore, suggest to the committee in charge that if they are desirous of regarding the popular will, to have the convention meet at Nashville, Tenn., or Louisville, Ky. There are reasons, as expressed by the *Lancet*, why it might with profit be held at Richmond, Va., reasons stroug and cogent; but at Nashville or Louisville it would be as free from external political pressure as possible. Let the convention meet in August.

THE Savannah *Echo* has been making a bitter attack on Col. Jack Brown, of Georgia, well and favorably known in this city, charging him, among other things, as being an office-broker and guilty of "receiving percentage" from the young colored men from Georgia whose interests he has watched over in the different departments. Knowing nearly all of the gentlemen whose appointment and promotion Mr. Brown has been instrumental in securing, we put ourselves to some pains to ascertain the facts, and after a conscientious inquiry we are compelled to believe that the charge, so far as these gentlemen are concerned, is utterly unfounded, and to say the least that it seems malicious. The *Echo*, whatever Mr. Brown's shortcomings, antecedents or affliations, should hesitate to make so serious a charge, except upon the best of evidence, and this from the very necessity of the case, more especially in view of the disclaimers of the gentlemen referred to the *Echo* [illegible] not only not possess, but can not ha[illegible] Such an attack is calculated to reflect more upon the young men from Georgia, who, if the charges were true, would be parties to such contracts, than the *Echo* can desire.

OF the many colored men whose reputation for honesty of purpose, indefatigable energy and executive ability, we know of no man more deserving of our respect and confidence than John F. Cook, Collector of the District. It is gratifying to know that Mr. Cook has sustained, so well, the reputation for perfect competency to administer the affairs of his office. During the many years of Mr. Cook's incumbency, handling large sums of money, he has kept himself entirely free from the charge of looseness in business, and sustained himself to the gratification of his many friends and the satisfaction of his enemies.

THE selection of Rev. Robert E. Laws as one of the speakers at Congregational Church was a blunder, worse than a mistake—one which we trust will not be repeated. He is not up to the mark and he and his friends had just as well know it now, and not to impose on the public any longer. He tried last year and failed, and he made a "worse out" Monday night. There was I. C. Wears on the platform, who could have given the people something to think about; but Mr. Laws after all made a very moving speech—he moved them out of the church in droves.

THE industrial feature of the procession last Monday was neglected. Notwithstanding the rain, there was no regular part of the line assigned, so they were scattered. The brickmakers, the oyster shuckers. Mr. Collins, the blacksmith, and Mrs. Davis, deserve especial praise. The ADVOCATE wagon was in the line, but the weather forbade typesetting and printing, a great disappointment to many.

THE committees in charge of the late celebration deserve commendation, and each and every member of them. Col. Carson especially has cause to be proud for through his personal efforts much of the money was raised to make it a financial success.

PERSONAL.

They now call him Prof. DeWitter Dumas and he is president of the Detroit "Young Colored People's Atheneum and Christian Association.

The first colored lawyer admitted to practice in Virginia was Walter G. Wynn, a graduate of the first class of the Law Department of Howard University. He was admitted in Richmond in 1871.

The Rev. William Accoe for 45 years connected with Bethel Church of Philadelphia, Pa., died Sunday 15th instant. He was 73 years of age, was born and has lived in that city all his life.

Chicago graduated two colored physicians lately, one of them Danl. H. Williamsan old subscriber is brother to our brother of the quill. H. Price Williams of Phila, the other J. H. Henderson was once editor of the *Conservator*.

Rev. H. L. P illips rector of the Church of the Crucifix on is collecting money to erect a suitable building for his congregation on Bainbridge street above eighth in Philadelphia. According to the plans it will be the handsomest place of worship in that part of the city. It is to cost $25,000, and the building committee have in hand about fourteen thousand dollars. From what it is known of his popularity and the liberality of the Episcopalians, there is no doubt of the success of the enterprise.

Sword Presentation.

On Saturday evening Capt. Gray and the Lieutenants of Company B, Capital City Guard, were invited to attend a parlor sociable at Mrs. Warren's on 11th street and were taken by surprise when the ladies of the Auxiliary Committee appeared wearing a handsome Regulation sword and belt, and gold epaulets, which Miss Smallwood presented to Capt. Gray on behalf of the committee in a neat and ringing speech. Capt. Gray though greatly surprised, made a graceful acknowledgment and appropriate speech thanking the ladies for their valuable gifts. Lieut. Smallwood and O. D. Smith were also presented with a handsome pair of shoulder straps each, and Corpl. Payne his chevrons, after which refreshments and dancing were enjoyed by the Company for an short hour.

Dr. J. H. Beller, druggist.

Be it said to his credit, that Dr. J. H. Beller is the only druggist who has in his employ, a colored clerk. This if not his excellent stock of goods, should commend him to the patronage of the many colored people in our city. In his store may be found a large variety of articles of toilet as well as the purest and freshesh drugs. We should patronize a man whose liberality has employed a colored clerk. His advertisement may be found in another column.

Inaugural Addresses.

HOW SOME PRESIDENTS HAVE INDULGED IN THE CLASSICS.

Gen. Taylor, when President, although the document was read and submitted to his Cabinet, had a sentence, which was subsequently altered in the printed documents, in which it was boastingly averred that our country "was at peace with all the world," and "had amicable relations *with the rest of mankind.*" When "all the world" was embraced, "the rest of mankind" must have been intended for the undiscovered country which John Cleaves Symmes expected to bring to light from the "bowels of mother earth."

The inaugural address of President Harrison, well written and with many excellent things in it, was so much devoted to English classics and to Roman history as to create much sport. It was a document like Gov. Dennison's, that one could safely swear by, for there was nothing in the heavens or on the earth like it. Dennison's was ridiculous for its big and unmeaning words and his attempt to show off his knowledge of a dead language, while that of Gen. Harrison was almost as much laughed at, from his drawing on Roman and Grecian history and the sayings of English authors.

The inaugural in its first paragraph declares an intention to present to the people a summary of the principles which would govern the new administration, and in doing this he thus commences:

"It was a remark of a Roman Consul, in an early day of that celebrated Republic, that a more striking contrast was observable in the conduct of candidates for offices of power and trust before and after obtaining them, they seldom carrying out in the latter case the pledges and promises made in the former. However much the world may have improved in many respects in the lapse of upwards of 2,000 years since the remark was made by the virtuous and indignant Roman, I fear that a strict examination of the annals of some of the modern electoral governments would develop similar instances of violated confidence."

The President did this, no doubt, to pave the way for unavoidable breaking of promises made in the heat of a canvass. If the custom of breaking promises and pledges by candidates existed in Rome 2,000 years ago, how faithfully it has been transmitted to the present generation! Again, the inaugural, in relation to political parties, says:

"It was the beautiful remark of a distinguished English writer that in the Roman Senate Octavius had a party and Antony had a party, but the Commonwealth had none. Yet the Senate continued to meet in the Temple of Liberty, to talk of the sacredness and beauty of the Commonwealth, and to gaze at the statues of the elder Brutus and of the Custii and Decii, and the people assembled in the forum, not as in the days of Camillus and the Scipios, to cast their free votes for annual magistrates or pass upon the acts of the Senate, but to receive from the hands of the leaders of the respective parties their share of the spoils, and to shout for one or the other, as those collected in Gaul or Egypt and the Lesser Asia would furnish the larger dividend. The spirit of liberty had fled, and, avoiding the abodes of civilization, had sought protection in the wilds of Scythia or Scandinavia. And so, under the operation of the same causes and influences, it will fly from our Capitol and our forum. A calamity so awful, not only to our country, but to the world, must be deprecated by every patriot, and every tendency to a state of things likely to produce it if not immediately checked. Such a tendency has existed—does exist."

And so on to the length of the entire inaugural, the good old man, for none doubted Gen. Harrison's goodness of heart or the purity of his patriotism, went on, drawing his illustrations from Roman history and English writers. The address was prepared at his home, and written at his leisure. A day or two before his inaugural, Daniel Webster (as the tale is told in a book of interesting reminiscences of Webster, by his devoted friend and confidant, Harvey) met Gen. Harrison, and suggested to the President that as he (Harrison) was overwhelmeed with business, Mr. Webster had sketched out an "inaugural" for him. Mr. Webster had been selected for Secretary of State. The General replied that it was unnecessary, as he had it already written. "Will you allow me to take it home and read it to-night?" asked Mr. Webster. "Certainly," said the President, "and please let me take yours." So they exchanged documents. Next morning when they met, Gen. Harrison said to Mr. Webster, "If I should read your inaugural instead of mine everybody would know you wrote it, and that I did not. This is the only official paper that I propose to write, for I do not intend to interfere with my Secretaries; but this is a sort of acknowledgmegt on my part to the American people of the great honor they have conferred upon me in electing me to the Presidency, and, although my inaugural is not so suitable as yours, still it is mine, and I propose to let the people have it just as I have written it. I must deliver my own instead of yours."

When Mr. Webster found that the President was bent upon using his own inaugural (I quote from the book,) Mr. Webster desired to modify it, and get in some things that were not there, for, as it then stood, he said it had no more to do with the affairs of the American government and people than a chapter in the Koran. Gen. Harrison reluctantly consented to let Mr. Webster take it, and he spent a large portion of the next day in modifying it. He was engaged to dine with Mr. Seation, of the firm of Gates & Seaton, of the *National Intelligencer*, one of the warmest of Mr. Webster's admirers. When Mr. Webster came in Mrs. Seaton remarked to him, as he arrived late, that he looked fatigued and worried. Mr. Webster was sorry that she had waited dinner for him. "That is of no consequence at all, Mr. Webster," said she, "but I am sorry to see you so worriedand tired. I hope nothing has gone wrong. I really hope nothing has happened." "You would think that something had happened if you knew what I have done. I have killed seventeen Roman Proconsuls as dead as smelts, every one of them!" That is, he had purged the inaugural of that many allusions to them. If the anecdote is true—Mr. Webster is its author—the inaugural of Gen. Harrison must have been a condensed edition of Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire instead of an inaugural address of an American President.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

In England, when a man is drunk, he is "on a fool;" in Chicago, he is "on a hoorah;" in St. Louis, he has a "dash too much up his nose;" in Kansas City, he is "ginned up for all that's out;" in St. Joe. "the benzine has the upper hold;" in Omaha, he is "on it bigger'n an Injun;" in Denver, he "slung in a bowl too much;" in Cheyenne, "the duffer's got it in the neck," and in Leadville, "the galoot's on a roarer again!"

The Cause of Dew.

If dew fell it would fall for the same reason that rain falls; but dew does not fall. It is simply a deposit of moisture always contained in the air to a greater or less degree, and which, when there is enough of it, will always form on any cold body exposed to the moist air, in precisely the same way that a cold bottle or stone, taken from a cold cellar and suddenly exposed in the shade to the moist, warm summer air, will become wet. This is not sweating nor does this moisture come out of the boitle or stone as many people believe, but from the air. It is for the same reason that moisture will condense against the window-panes when the air is cold outside and moist inside, the moisture slowly freezing while its deposits form crystal ice which we so often admire in winter. When the weather is cool enough the moisture will even freeze plants and grass, and then we call it hoar frost; if it does not freeze it is stmply dew. The only point left to be explained is why does the ground become so cool during the night, so much cooler than the air above, as to cause the latter to deposit its moisture. This was for many years a vexed problem till Wells first suggested the radiation of obscure heat, which takes place from the surface of the earth through the clear atmosphere into the space above, and so causes the surface to become much cooler than the air itself. He demonstrated this by means of thermometers placed at different heights, and also by the fact that dew is only deposited on cloudless nights. When there are clouds they reflect the heat or prevent it from escaping. The surface of the earth thus being kept from cooling, no dew is deposited.

Keep Them Bright.

Keep your face, your heart and your home bright. Don't let the cobwebs gather in the corners of the pretty sitting room, or dust accumulate on the furniture till you can write your name thereon. No matter what is on hand, or how much you have to do, take time at least once a day to tidy your rooms, and gather fresh flowers. You will never regret it, even though at the close of your life you may not possess quite so much of the world's goods as some of your neighbors. It is the best plan by far to enjoy life as it comes, and this you can never do in a slovenly, disordered home. Would you keep your husband from evil associations, and your children from wayward paths? Remember there is nothing in this world so attractive to a man as a pleasant home, and a smiling face therein; and as for the little feet, they will not be apt to wander far, so long as your face beams with the love and solicitude that your heart bears for them. A wife or a mother is a queen, always. Not of vast domains, to be sure, and not of society, but of the most sacred spot on earth to every human heart—home. You never thought of it, perhaps, but it is true, and it is indeed true also, that there is no more pitiable sight than one of these "queens" who do not, either from want of judgment, or lack of will, govern her subjects aright. Did you ever see a truly happy family without a loving, watchful and affectionate wife and mother at its head? The father may be sour, hard, or cross-grained, but if the mother is all right, there is sure to be happiness at that family.

You will seldom find an attorney at law—he knows better.—Vanity Fair Relic.

A correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean signs herself "Alyce Carlysle." She makes us smyle.

It is one of the curiosities of natural history that a horse enjoys his food most when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.

A facetious young man calls a certain female institute a "Vennor weather prediction," because it contains so many misses.—Norr. Herald.

In the lungs of a potter who recently died in Wales was found forty-eight per cent. of silica. He must have been a gritty fellow when living.—Lowell Courier.

"Durn the dog!" he said, "I'll settle his hash for him when I go down there to see Kate, to-night." And he proceeded to saturate the seat of his pants with strychine.

"Europe is treading on a volcano," reads old X. in his paper aloud. "Papa, what is a volcano?" asked the youngest. "Why, it is something to tread on my boy."

"One touch of nature," etc. Street preacher—"I now ask, brethren, what can I do to move you in this world of wickedness?" Array—"Send round the 'at, guv'nor. That'll move 'em."

"There's some things as old as the hills, anyhow," said old Uncle Reuben. "What are they?" asked his niece. "They're the valleys between 'em, child," solemnly answered the old man.

The Elmira Advertiser says that 300 miles of red tape are yearly required to run the Washington departments. A few miles of the hemp might be introduced we believe, without much detriment to the service.—N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

They worked a racket on young Griph at his boarding-house recently. They detected him raiding the pie closet and found that he had got away with a mince pie, some cookies, some doughnuts and some cheese. The landlady and her daughter together resolved on vengeance. They waited till Mr. Griph had devoured the food that he had taken and had made his appearance in the sitting room. Then the landlady said to her daughter: "Mary, you know that mince pie that we made out of the meat we bought of the strange butcher, and which proved to be mule-meat?" "Yes mother." "What did you do with it?" "Put it aside to give to the tramps." That made Griph, who overheard, uneasy. "And Mary," the old lady continued, "you know those cookies that the cook carelessly spilled the kerosene over. What did you do with them?" "Put them with the pie." Griph recollected that there was a queer taste to those cookies, and kind of felt like a man who had just started in on the miseries of a first sea voyage. But he tried to shake the feeling off. "And, Mary," said the old lady, "you know the cook carelessly used some very bad eggs to make some doughnuts?" "I put the doughnuts aside for the tramps, too; and I guess when they come to eat 'em, they'll think they've swallowed an earthquake." Griph felt that he had. The sea-sick feeling seemed to grow instead of shake off. He grew pale and shivered. The ladies were delighted. "Mary," said the old lady, "when you give those things to the tramps, don't give them the cheese that's with 'em, for I put poison in it to kill rats." Then Griph wanted to be sick. With a melancholy howl he sprang up, rushed to his room and took an emetic that nearly brought his feet up. And he had a chill and headache and went to bed and stayed there for two days. And most of the time the landlady and har daughter laughed consumedly.

Petty Worries.

What a blessed thing it is that we can forget. To-day's troubles look large, but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight. If you would keep a book and daily put down the things that worry you and see what becomes of them it would be of a benefit to you.

You allow a thing to annoy you just as you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you; and you lose your temper—or rather get it, for when men are surcharged with temper they are said to have lost it,— and you justify yourself for being thrown off your balance by causes which you do not trace out. But if you would see what it was that threw you off your balance before breakfast, and put it down in a little book, and follow it up and out and ascertain what becomes of it, you wouldsee what a fool you were in the matter.

The art of forgetting is a blessed one, but the art of overlooking is quite as portant. And if we should take time to write down the original progress and outcome of a few of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the fuss we make over them that we should be glad to drop such things and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness. Life is too short to be worn out by petty worries, frettings, hatred and vexation.

A dog in New Mexico returning one evening with his sheep to the fold, discovered that his master was still in his shanty, and kept very quiet. The next evening it was the same. But after penning up the sheep the dog smelled about the door, scratched, barked, and even howled, as he was very hungry, but his master did not move. The dog, true to his appointed duty, went out with the sheep on the third day, but that night when he drove the flock into their pen the last one to attempt to get in became the victim of the dog's appetite. This method of providing for his own wants became a part of the faithful dog's duty. Every evening the last sheep to try to enter was seized by him and served for supper and breakfast and for dinner the following day. The ranch to which the dog belonged was in a solitary part of the territory, and out of the track of travel or visitation. For two years from the time of his master's death—ascertained by data left by the latter—the faithful dog tended the flock commited to his charge, and had fresh mutton for his upper every night. The flock was not decimated by this steady drain upon its resources. On the contrary, it increased in numbers, and when at the end of two years from the time of the death of the proprietor, the ranch was visited, and the remains of the owner found, the dog was still at his post of duty, jealously guarding his flock, and driving them to the best pastures every day and to the fold at night, before which he slept, to keep the wild sheep-eaters of the plains at a civil distance.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to others who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed to and at ease in the society of men, superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversations with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart change continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness, like gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of their characters are hidden, like the armor of a giant, by studs and knots of gold and precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare.

No truer words were ever written than those of Horace Greely: "Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches takes wings; the only earthly certainty is oblivion." Five years ago the name of Gortschakoff was a familiar and brilliant one in history. To-day a decrepit, childish old man totters about the streets of some dull Italian or South of France city, scarcely noticed, and quite unknown by most of the curious folks among whom he vegetates. A slow summer at Baden-Baden, a slower winter as we have written it, so perishes the career of a diplomat than whom there have been few, if any, shrewder or more successful. Forgotten in his own country, unknown to those to which his uselessness and his infirmities have exiled him, the great ex-Imperial Chancellor of all the Russians awaits the common fate of man in an obscurity as utter as he ever relegated any unfortunate conspirator against whose name he set the black marks to. Fate has its vengeances more complete than those of man."

CHARCOAL FOR INFANTS.—During one of the discussions on the alimentation and diseases of infants, which occupy so much attention in France, M. Jules Guerin stated that the addition of a little charcoal (about half a teaspoonful of Belluc's or other finely powdered charcoal) to a nursing bottle full of milk exerts a most remarkable curative effect upon the diarrhœa of infants. He has repeatedly seen children, who had become exhausted by seven or eight days duration of an obstinate diarrhœa, regain all the appearance of health in two or three days. At the same time the charcoal is added, the milk should also be diluted with a half or a third of sugared water, the children taking the mixture without any repugnance, and no vomiting being induced.

Physiologically, soup has great value for those who hurry to and from their meals, as it allows an interval of comparitive rest to the fainting stomach before the more substantial beef and mutton is attacked, rest before solid food being as important as rest after it. Let a hungry and weary merchant or lawyer begin boldly with roast beef, and what is the result? The defeat is often as sudden as was the attack. When the body is weary, the stomach cannot stand the shock of an ill-masticated half pound of beef. But if a small plate of soup be taken, nourishment will soon be introduced, and strength to receive more substantial food will follow.

An ingenious farmer, sticking a few nails into a clothes line to keep his neighbor's cattle out of his pasture, went about his own business, thinking no more about the matter. A sharper came along, saw the rope, and began to think about it. He evolved the "barbed wire" fence, and the very farmer from whom the fellow got the idea had to pay the sharp a tribute for the article which he himself originally designed. And the income of the monopoly is estimated at $100,000 per month.

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METHODIST UNION.

They say that great minds often run in the same channel. Bishop H. M. Turner in the last issue of the *Christian Recorder*, had an excellent article advocating the union of the different colored Methodist Episcopal denominations into one organization, and a minister of the M. E. Church South begins in this week's issue of the *Independent* a series of articles entitled "The Reunion of American Methodism," in which the union of all the Methodist bodies is contemplated, though not without a hint that the union of "the Negro Methodists * * * in one organization distinct from the churches of the whites" is contemplated.

An article entitled "Caste or Christ," read before the New York Methodist Preachers' Meeting, February 12th, published in the same issue of the *Independent*, will not only throw a side light on the discussion as to the future of the Methodist Episcopal bodies, but do much to effect a favorable solution.

The M. E. and M. E. Church South can not in the nature of things remain long apart, without doing violence to fundamental economic laws. On the other hand the colored Episcopal bodies, more of rivals than the M. E. and M. E. South, can not remain apart, with their identity of religious belief, form of worship, discipline and general autonomy, without provoking a conflict that is liable to prove a serious drawback, if not a positive injury, to the harmonious working of their different organtzations.

If a spirit of true fraternity should bring the M. E. and M. E. Church South together, with all their recollections of a btter past, what should keep the A. M. E., A. M. E. Zion and C. M. E. denominations apart, with no vital, essential differences between them and the remembrance of no struggles save those growing out of ecclesiastical spoils?

The M. E. and M. E. South can not continne two independent bodies without threatening the smouldering embers of sectional feeling. The A. M. E., A. M. E. Zion and the C. M. E. can not go on as now without injury to themselves and the common cause. A colored and a white Methodist Episcopal organization can not be maintained without broadening and deepening the color-line in society. Public sentiment has not yet sufficiently advanced for all the different Methodist Episcopal organizations to be one. Progress does not go by leaps, by sudden bounds, but by steps. It strikes us the step now to be taken is by the different colored organizations referred to, and in the direction of union among themselves. When the resultant white organization is sufficiently advanced as to dispense with the color-line, the step is then for all to join hands in an organization which will be in keeping with the spirit of the immortal John Wesley.

KENTUCKY IN LINE.

Events crowd with such rapidtiy one upon the other, that we have but a moment to glance at the past and note the marvellous progress we have made, the amazing speed with which we are being rushed upon a new era. Two weeks ago a convention of the educational workers and the friends of education met in the Hall of Representatives in the city of Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky. White and colored teachers, white and colored editors and other educational workers sat side by side, on terms of equality, vieing with one another to see who could do most to serve the state by promoting the cause of intellectual progress. The result of the convention is that the whole state is afire with an educational enthusiasm. The good will not be confined to Kentucky; other Southern states will see the benificent results of such meetings, will hold similar gatherings and profit by them. When we recollect that it was only a few days prior to the meeting of this convention that a United States judge in the same state rendered a decision which may lead to the admission of colored children to the public schools in the more sparsely settled communities of that section; and when such a prominent white delegate as Stoddard Johnson expressing a desire that the color-line should be obliterated, confesses that he would have no objection to being taught by colored teachers present in the convention, even if he endeavored subsequently to explain that he had no reference to mixed schools, though it was the sequence to his reasoning. When we bear these facts in mind, it may be seen that Kentucky is on the highway to a practical solution of the Negro problem by according to him, first of all, equal and exact justice in affording to him ample facilities for a common school education.

EMANCIPATION DAY.

The demonstration of last Monday shows how heartily the entire population had entered into the spirit of the day. The rain fell in drenching showers, still throngs filled the sidewalks; hundreds, yea, thousands in line, on horse, on foot, in buggies and in car riages, cheerfully went over the long line of march, and at night in concert hall, at oratorical exercises, at promenade entertainments, disregarded the still inclement weather to continue the celebration. Let it no more be said that the colored people can not be united in behalf of any commendable purpose. The spirit of liberty that woke them to conscious existence twenty-one years ago still arouses them, and on such holiday occasions awakens the memories and enthusiasm of the dawn of universal emancipation. It does more: it pays homage to those statesmen who led the way from chattel slavery to full panoplied citizenship. It causes retrospect; tt compels prospect.

As soil broken up by the plow and harrow is ready for seed from the sower, so on these occasions the people are prepared for the lessons of wisdom and experience, for the instruction needful for their future progress and complete development.

"The hour and the man" were united in Frederick Douglass at the Congregational church Monday night. The apostle of the gospel of emancipation, none could more eloquently than he trace the rise of the individual and organized movements which culminated in emancipation. The calm, philosophic outlook begotten of his abundant and varied personal experience, enabled him to detect impending perils and to note as well the signs of ultimate peace, of reconciliation and of final deliverance.

THE CONVENTION.

Two things are clear from the current discussion among our colored exchanges on the proposed national convention: First, that they are decidedly in favor of the convention. Second, that a majority are opposed to its being held in Washington. Now, although we have not seen any argument against Washington that can not, in our opinion, be successfully refuted, THE ADVOCATE is willing to yield the point in the interest of the general good. We, therefore, suggest to the committee in charge that if they are desirous of regarding the popular will, to have the convention meet at Nashville, Tenn., or Louisville, Ky. There are reasons, as expressed by the *Lancet*, why it might with profit be held at Richmond, Va., reasons stroug and cogent; but at Nashville or Louisville it would be as free from external political pressure as possible. Let the convention meet in August.

THE Savannah *Echo* has been making a bitter attack on Col. Jack Brown, of Georgia, well and favorably known in this city, charging him, among other things, as being an office-broker and guilty of "receiving percentage" from the young colored men from Georgia whose interests he has watched over in the different departments. Knowing nearly all of the gentlemen whose appointment and promotion Mr. Brown has been instrumental in securing, we put ourselves to some pains to ascertain the facts, and after a conscientious inquiry we are compelled to believe that the charge, so far as these gentlemen are concerned, is utterly unfounded, and to say the least that it seems malicious. The *Echo*, whatever Mr. Brown's shortcomings, antecedents or affliations, should hesitate to make so serious a charge, except upon the best of evidence, and this from the very necessity of the case, more especially in view of the disclaimers of the gentlemen referred to the *Echo* [illegible] not only not possess, but can not ha[illegible] Such an attack is calculated to reflect more upon the young men from Georgia, who, if the charges were true, would be parties to such contracts, than the *Echo* can desire.

OF the many colored men whose reputation for honesty of purpose, indefatigable energy and executive ability, we know of no man more deserving of our respect and confidence than John F. Cook, Collector of the District. It is gratifying to know that Mr. Cook has sustained, so well, the reputation for perfect competency to administer the affairs of his office. During the many years of Mr. Cook's incumbency, handling large sums of money, he has kept himself entirely free from the charge of looseness in business, and sustained himself to the gratification of his many friends and the satisfaction of his enemies.

THE selection of Rev. Robert E. Laws as one of the speakers at Congregational Church was a blunder, worse than a mistake—one which we trust will not be repeated. He is not up to the mark and he and his friends had just as well know it now, and not to impose on the public any longer. He tried last year and failed, and he made a "worse out" Monday night. There was I. C. Wears on the platform, who could have given the people something to think about; but Mr. Laws after all made a very moving speech—he moved them out of the church in droves.

THE industrial feature of the procession last Monday was neglected. Notwithstanding the rain, there was no regular part of the line assigned, so they were scattered. The brickmakers, the oyster shuckers. Mr. Collins, the blacksmith, and Mrs. Davis, deserve especial praise. The ADVOCATE wagon was in the line, but the weather forbade typesetting and printing, a great disappointment to many.

THE committees in charge of the late celebration deserve commendation, and each and every member of them. Col. Carson especially has cause to be proud for through his personal efforts much of the money was raised to make it a financial success.

PERSONAL.

They now call him Prof. DeWitter Dumas and he is president of the Detroit "Young Colored People's Atheneum and Christian Association.

The first colored lawyer admitted to practice in Virginia was Walter G. Wynn, a graduate of the first class of the Law Department of Howard University. He was admitted in Richmond in 1871.

The Rev. William Accoe for 45 years connected with Bethel Church of Philadelphia, Pa., died Sunday 15th instant. He was 73 years of age, was born and has lived in that city all his life.

Chicago graduated two colored physicians lately, one of them Danl. H. Williamsan old subscriber is brother to our brother of the quill. H. Price Williams of Phila, the other J. H. Henderson was once editor of the *Conservator*.

Rev. H. L. P illips rector of the Church of the Crucifix on is collecting money to erect a suitable building for his congregation on Bainbridge street above eighth in Philadelphia. According to the plans it will be the handsomest place of worship in that part of the city. It is to cost $25,000, and the building committee have in hand about fourteen thousand dollars. From what it is known of his popularity and the liberality of the Episcopalians, there is no doubt of the success of the enterprise.

Sword Presentation.

On Saturday evening Capt. Gray and the Lieutenants of Company B, Capital City Guard, were invited to attend a parlor sociable at Mrs. Warren's on 11th street and were taken by surprise when the ladies of the Auxiliary Committee appeared wearing a handsome Regul tion sword and belt, and gold epaulets, which Miss Smallwood presented to Capt. Gray on behalf of the committee in a neat and ringing speech. Capt. Gray though greatly surprised, made a graceful acknowledgment and appropriate speech thanking the ladies for their valuable gifts. Lieut. Smallwood and O. D. Smith were also presented with a handsome pair of shoulder straps each, and Corpl. Payne his chevrons, after which refreshments and dancing were enjoyed by the Company for an short hour.

Dr. J. H. Beller, druggist.

Be it said to his credit, that Dr. J. H. Beller is the only druggist who has in his employ, a colored clerk. This if not his excellent stock of goods, should commend him to the patronage of the many colored people in our city. In his store may be found a large variety of articles of toilet as well as the purest and freshest drugs. We should patronize a man whose liberality has employed a colored clerk. His advertisement may be found in another column.

Inaugural Addresses.

HOW SOME PRESIDENTS HAVE INDULGED IN THE CLASSICS.

Gen. Taylor, when President, although the document was read and submitted to his Cabinet, had a sentence, which was subsequently altered in the printed documents, in which it was boastingly averred that our country "was at peace with all the world," and "had amicable relations *with the rest of mankind.*" When "all the world" was embraced, "the rest of mankind" must have been intended for the undiscovered country which John Cleaves Symmes expected to bring to light from the "bowels of mother earth."

The inaugural address of President Harrison, well written and with many excellent things in it, was so much devoted to English classics and to Roman history as to create much sport. It was a document like Gov. Dennison's, that one could safely swear by, for there was nothing in the heavens or on the earth like it. Dennison's was ridiculous for its big and unmeaning words and his attempt to show off his knowledge of a dead language, while that of Gen. Harrison was almost as much laughed at, from his drawing on Roman and Grecian history and the sayings of English authors.

The inaugural in its first paragraph declares an intention to present to the people a summary of the principles which would govern the new administration, and in doing this he thus commences:

"It was a remark of a Roman Consul, in an early day of that celebrated Republic, that a more striking contrast was observable in the conduct of candidates for offices of power and trust before and after obtaining them, they seldom carrying out in the latter case the pledges and promises made in the former. However much the world may have improved in many respects in the lapse of upwards of 2,000 years since the remark was made by the virtuous and indignant Roman, I fear that a strict examination of the annals of some of the modern electoral governments would develop similar instances of violated confidence."

The President did this, no doubt, to pave the way for unavoidable breaking of promises made in the heat of a canvass. If the custom of breaking promises and pledges by candidates existed in Rome 2,000 years ago, how faithfully it has been transmitted to the present generation! Again, the inaugural, in relation to political parties, says:

"It was the beautiful remark of a distinguished English writer that in the Roman Senate Octavius had a party and Antony had a party, but the Commonwealth had none. Yet the Senate continued to meet in the Temple of Liberty, to talk of the sacredness and beauty of the Commonwealth, and to gaze at the statues of the elder Brutus and of the Custii and Decii, and the people assembled in the forum, not as in the days of Camillus and the Scipios, to cast their free votes for annual magistrates or pass upon the acts of the Senate, but to receive from the hands of the leaders of the respective parties their share of the spoils, and to shout for one or the other, as those collected in Gaul or Egypt and the Lesser Asia would furnish the larger dividend. The spirit of liberty had fled, and, avoiding the abodes of civilization, had sought protection in the wilds of Scythia or Scandinavia. And so, under the operation of the same causes and influences, it will fly from our Capitol and our forum. A calamity so awful, not only to our country, but to the world, must be deprecated by every patriot, and every tendency to a state of things likely to produce it if not immediately checked. Such a tendency has existed—does exist."

And so on to the length of the entire inaugural, the good old man, for none doubted Gen. Harrison's goodness of heart or the purity of his patriotism, went on, drawing his illustrations from Roman history and English writers. The address was prepared at his home, and written at his leisure. A day or two before his inaugural, Daniel Webster (as the tale is told in a book of interesting reminiscences of Webster, by his devoted friend and confidant, Harvey) met Gen. Harrison, and suggested tc the President that as he (Harrison) was overwhelmeed with business, Mr. Webster had sketched out an "inaugural" for him. Mr. Webster had been selected for Secretary of State. The General replied that it was unnecessary, as he had it already written. "Will you allow me to take it home and read it to-night?" asked Mr. Webster. "Certainly," said the President, "and please let me take yours." So they exchanged documents. Next morning when they met, Gen. Harrison said to Mr. Webster, "If I should read your inaugural instead of mine everybody would know you wrote it, and that I did not. This is the only official paper that I propose to write, for I do not intend to interfere with my Secretaries; but this is a sort of acknowledgmegt on my part to the American people of the great honor they have conferred upon me in electing me to the Presidency, and, although my inaugural is not so suitable as yours, still it is mine, and I propose to let the people have it just as I have written it. I must deliver my own instead of yours."

When Mr. Webster found that the President was bent upon using his own inaugural (I quote from the book,) Mr. Webster desired to modify it, and get in some things that were not there, for, as it then stood, he said it had no more to do with the affairs of the American government and people than a chapter in the Koran. Gen. Harrisou reluctantly consented to let Mr. Webster take it, and he spent a large portion of the next day in modifying it. He was engaged to dine with Mr. Seation, of the firm of Gates & Seaton, of the *National Intelligencer*, one of the warmest of Mr. Webster's admirers. When Mr. Webster came in Mrs. Seaton remarked to him, as he arrived late, that he looked fatigued and worried. Mr. Webster was sorry that she had waited dinner for him. "That is of no consequence at all, Mr. Webster," said she, "but I am sorry to see you so worriedand tired. I hope nothing has gone wrong. I really hope nothing has happened." "You would think that something had happened if you knew what I have done. I have killed seventeen Roman Proconsuls as dead as smelts, every one of them!" That is, he had purged the inaugural of that many allusions to them. If the anecdote is true—Mr. Webster is its author—the inaugural of Gen. Harrison must have been a condensed edition of Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire instead of an inaugural address of an American President.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

In England, when a man is drunk, he is "on a fool;" in Chicago, he is "on a hoorah;" in St.Louis, he has a "dash too much up his nose;" in Kansas City, he is "ginned up for all that's out;" in St.Joe. "the benzine has the upper hold;" in Omaha, he is "on it bigger'n an Injun;" in Denver, he "slung in a bowl too much;" in Cheyenne, "the duffer's got it in the neck," and in Leadville, "the galoot's on a roarer again!"

The Cause of Dew.

If dew fell it would fall for the same reason that rain falls; but dew does not fall. It is simply a deposit of moisture always contained in the air to a greater or less degree, and which, when there is enough of it, will always form on any cold body exposed to the moist air, in precisely the same way that a cold bottle or stone, taken from a cold cellar and suddenly exposed in the shade to the moist, warm summer air, will become wet. This is not sweating nor does this moisture come out of the boitle or stone as many people believe, but from the air. It is for the same reason that moisture will condense against the window-panes when the air is cold outside and moist inside, the moisture slowly freezing while its deposits form crystal ice which we so often admire in winter. When the weather is cool enough the moisture will even freeze plants and grass, and then we call it hoar frost; if it does not freeze it is stmply dew. The only point left to be explained is why does the ground become so cool during the night, so much cooler than the air above, as to cause the latter to deposit its moisture. This was for many years a vexed problem till Wells first suggested the radiation of obscure heat, which takes place from the surface of the earth through the clear atmosphere into the space above, and so causes the surface to become much cooler than the air itself. He demonstrated this by means of thermometers placed at different heights, and also by the fact that dew is only deposited on cloudless nights. When there are clouds they reflect the heat or prevent it from escaping. The surface of the earth thus being kept from cooling, no dew is deposited.

Keep Them Bright.

Keep your face, your heart and your home bright. Don't let the cobwebs gather in the corners of the pretty sitting room; or dust accumulate on the furniture till you can write your name thereon. No matter what is on hand, or how much you have to do, take time at least once a day to tidy your rooms, and gather fresh flowers. You will never regret it, even though at the close of your life you may not possess quite so much of the world's goods as some of your neighbors. It is the best plan by far to enjoy life as it comes, and this you can never do in a slovenly, disordered home. Would you keep your husband from evil associations, and your children from wayward paths? Remember there is nothing in this world so attractive to a man as a pleasant home, and a smiling face therein; and as for the little feet, they will not be apt to wander far, so long as your face beams with the love and solicitude that your heart bears for them. A wife or a mother is a queen, always. Not of vast domains, to be sure, and not of society, but of the most sacred spot on earth to every human heart—home. You never thought of it, perhaps, but it is true, and it is indeed true also, that there is no more pitiable sight than one of these "queens" who do not, either from want of judgment, or lack of will, govern her subjects aright. Did you ever see a truly happy family without a loving, watchful and affectionate wife and mother at its head? The father may be sour, hard, or cross-grained, but if the mother is all right, there is sure to be happiness at that family.

You will seldom find an attorney at law—he knows better.—Vanity Fair Relic.

A correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean signs herself "Alyce Carlysle." She makes us smyle.

It is one of the curiosities of natura history that a horse enjoys his food most when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.

A facetious young man calls a certain female institute a "Vennor weather prediction," because it contains so many misses.—Norr. Herald.

In the lungs of a potter who recently died in Wales was found forty-eight per cent. of silica. He must have been a gritty fellow when living.—Lowell Courier.

"Durn the dog!" he said, "I'll settle his hash for him when I go down there to see Kate, to-night." And he proceeded to saturate the seat of his pants with strychine.

"Europe is treading on a volcano," reads old X. in his paper aloud. "Papa, what is a volcano?" asked the youngest. "Why, it is something to tread on my boy."

"One touch of nature," etc. Street preacher—"I now ask, brethren, what can I do to move you in this world of wickedness?" Array—"Send round the 'at, guv'nor. That'll move 'em."

"There's some things as old as the hills, anyhow," said old Uncle Reuben. "What are they?" asked his niece. "They're the valleys between 'em, child," solemnly answered the old man.

The Elmira Advertiser says that 300 miles of red tape are yearly required to run the Washington departments. A few miles of the hemp might be introduced we believe, without much detriment to the service.—N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

They worked a racket on young Griph at his boarding-house recently. They detected him raiding the pie closet and found that he had got away with a mince pie, some cookies, some doughnuts and some cheese. The landlady and her daughter together resolved on vengeance. They waited till Mr. Griph had devoured the food that he had taken and had made his appearance in the sitting room. Then the landlady said to her daughter: "Mary, you know that mince pie that we made out of the meat we bought of the strange butcher, and which proved to be mule-meat?" "Yes mother." "What did you do with it?" "Put it aside to give to the tramps." That made Griph, who overheard, uneasy. "And Mary," the old lady continued, "you know those cookies that the cook carelessly spilled the kerosene over. What did you do with them?" "Put them with the pie." Griph recollected that there was a queer taste to those cookies, and kind of felt like a man who had just started in on the miseries of a first sea voyage. But he tried to shake the feeling off. "And, Mary," said the old lady, "you know the cook carelessly used some very bad eggs to make some doughnuts?" "I put the doughnuts aside for the tramps, too; and I guess when they come to eat 'em, they'll think they've swallowed an earthquake." Griph felt that he had. The sea-sick feeling seemed to grow instead of shake off. He grew pale and shivered. The ladies were delighted. "Mary," said the old lady, "when you give those things to the tramps, don't give them the cheese that's with 'em, for I put poison in it to kill rats." Then Griph wanted to be sick. With a melancholy howl he sprang up, rushed to his room and took an emetic that nearly brought his feet up. And he had a chill and headache and went to bed and stayed there for two days. And most of the time the landlady and her daughter laughed consumedly.

Petty Worries.

What a blessed thing it is that we can forget. To-day's troubles look large, but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight. If you would keep a book and daily put down the things that worry you and see what becomes of them it would be of a benefit to you.

You allow a thing to annoy you just as you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you; and you lose your temper—or rather get it, for when men are surcharged with temper they are said to have lost it,—and you justify yourself for being thrown off your balance by causes which you do not trace out. But if you would see what it was that threw you off your balance before breakfast, and put it down in a little book, and follow it up and out and ascertain what becomes of it, you wouldsee what a fool you were in the matter.

The art of forgetting is a blessed one but the art of overlooking is quite as important. And if we should take time to write down the original progress and outcome of a few of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the fuss we make over them that we should be glad to drop such things and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness. Life is too short to be worn out by petty worries, frottings, hatred and vexation.

A dog in New Mexico returning one evening with his sheep to the fold, discovered that his master was still in his shanty, and kept very quiet. The next evening it was the same. But after penning up the sheep the dog smelled about the door, scratched, barked, and even howled, as he was very hungry, but his master did not move. The dog, true to his appointed duty, went out with the sheep on the third day, but that night when he drove the flock into their pen the last one to attempt to get in became the victim of the dog's appetite. This method of providing for his own wants became a part of the faithful dog's duty. Every evening the last sheep to try to enter was seized by him and served for supper and breakfast and for dinner the following day. The ranch to which the dog belonged was in a solitary part of the territory, and out of the track of travel or visitation. For two years from the time of his master's death—ascertained by data left by the latter—the faithful dog tended the flock commited to his charge, and had fresh mutton for his supper every night. The flock was not decimated by this steady drain upon its resources. On the contrary, it increased in numbers, and when at the end of two years from the time of the death of the proprietor, the ranch was visited, and the remains of the owner found, the dog was still at his post of duty, jealously guarding his flock, and driving them to the best pastures every day and to the fold at night, before which he slept, to keep the wild sheep-eaters of the plains at a civil distance.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to others who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed to and at ease in the society of men, superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversations with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart change continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness, like gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of their characters are hidden, like the armor of a giant, by studs and knots of gold and precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare.

No truer words were ever written than those of Horace Greely: "Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches takes wings; the only earthly certainty is oblivion." Five years ago the name of Gortschakoff was a familiar and brilliant one in history. To-day a decrepit, childish old man totters about the streets of some dull Italian or South of France city, scarcely noticed, and quite unknown by most of the curious folks among whom he vegetates. A slow summer at Baden-Baden, a slower winter as we have written it, so perishes the career of a diplomat than whom there have been few, if any, shrewder or more successful. Forgotten in his own country, unknown to those to which his uselessness and his infirmities have exiled him, the great ex-Imperial Chancellor of all the Russians awaits the common fate of man in an obscurity as utter as he ever relegated any unfortunate conspirator against whose name he set the black marks to. Fate has its vengeances more complete than those of man."

CHARCOAL FOR INFANTS.—During one of the discussions on the alimentation and diseases of infants, which occupy so much attention in France, M. Jules Guerin stated that the addition of a little charcoal (about half a teaspoonful of Bellue's or other finely powdered charcoal) to a nursing bottle full of milk exerts a most remarkable curative effect upon the diarrhœa of infants. He has repeatedly seen children, who had become exhausted by seven or eight days duration of an obstinate diarrhœa, regain all the appearance of health in two or three days. At the same time the charcoal is added, the milk should also be diluted with a half or a third of sugared water, the children taking the mixture without any repugnance, and no vomiting being induced.

Physiologically, soup has great value for those who hurry to and from their meals, as it allows an interval of comparitive rest to the fainting stomach before the more substantial beef and mutton is attacked, rest before solid food being as important as rest after it. Let a hungry and weary merchant or lawyer begin boldly with roast beef, and what is the result? The defeat is often as sudden as was the attack. When the body is weary, the stomach cannot stand the shock of an ill-masticated half pound of beef. But if a small plate of soup be taken, nourishment will soon be introduced, and strength to receive more substantial food will follow.

An ingenious farmer, sticking a few nails into a clothes line to keep his neighbor's cattle out of his pasture, went about his own business, thinking no more about the matter. A sharper came along, saw the rope, and began to think about it. He evolved the "barbed wire" fence, and the very farmer from whom the fellow got the idea had to pay the sharp a tribute for the article which he himself originally designed. And the income of the monopoly is estimated at $100,000 per month.

PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1883.

AGENTS.

[illegible]ran, G[illegible] . . . . Richard Townsend
[illegible]more.....
[illegible] Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
[illegible]hington..... { G. B. Anderson.
..... { G. W. Renfro.
[illegible] Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.

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[illegible]. L. Brooks, 1116 F street, northwest.
[illegible]. B Polkinhorn, next door to Post Office.

LOCAL.

—J H. S Parker died at Chattanooga [illegible]st Thursday

—Don't fail to attend Miss H. V. Davis' [illegible]ramatic recitations at Marini's Hall.

—See the new advertisement of Mori[illegible]rty, Merchant Tailor, 612 D street, N. [illegible]. Pay him a visit.

—Dr. J. W. Marquess, well known in [illegible]his city, is quite ill at Helena, Ark.

—The entertainment given on the 16th [illegible]t the Armory of Company B, in honor of [illegible]he visiting military, was a grand success [illegible]nd crowded in spite of the rain and [illegible]ther entertainments.

—Rev. S. P. Smith has been ordered to [illegible]noxville, Tenn., to establish a Congre[illegible]tional Church, for which place he left [illegible]ednesday morning.

—The closing exercises of the indus[illegible]al School connected with St. John's [illegible]arish at St Mary's P. E. Chapel, 23rd [illegible]treet, will take place to-day at half past [illegible]wo. The public are invited.

—The reputation of Justh is well es[illegible]blished, and it is only necessary for [illegible]he who has not previously dealt with [illegible]im to give him a call, to have what is [illegible]aid of him fully confirmed.

—Dr. J. F. McKinley, of Nashville, [illegible]enn., arrived here last Friday evening, [illegible]d after spending a few days left for [illegible]ew England Tuesday.

—By an oversight the excellent duet [illegible]y Mrs. Ricks and Mrs. Tyree at Bethel [illegible]iterary was omitted last week. Mrs. [illegible]Tyree has a strong and sweet contralto, [illegible] fortunate accession to our local talent.

—The concert of the Cadets Monday [illegible]was very well attended, the programme [illegible]was a fine one and the concert a financial [illegible]success. The Glee Club will do better as [illegible]they practice more, and eventually sustain [illegible]he reputation of the corps to which they [illegible]are attached.

—At St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal [illegible]Church, New Orleans, on the 25th inst., Mr. Fred. D. Parker of this city will lead [illegible]to the altar Miss Emma Dubos one of [illegible]the most accomplished Creole ladies of [illegible]that city. THE ADVOCATE congratulates [illegible]Fred. on his pluck and his good fortune.

—The many friends of Mrs. Dr. Watts [illegible]will be grieved to learn of her extended [illegible]illness. It was hoped that her attack was [illegible]but slight, but it is found that there is [illegible]but little hope of her early recovery. Mr. [illegible]Watts has the sympathy of her many [illegible]friends.

—Dr. A. T. Augusta spoke on the Ne[illegible]ro in the arts and sciences at Bethel [illegible]all Tuesday night. There was much [illegible]nformation, but owing to its length, one [illegible]our and a-half in its delivery, the effect [illegible]as not what it should have been. Mrs. [illegible]ary speaks next Tuesday on Some Prac[illegible]cal Lessons for colored men.

—Leachman & Ball have opened, in [illegible]onjunction with and adjourning their [illegible]ell-known grocery establishment, a [illegible]rst-class provision store. They are now [illegible]repared to supply our friends and the [illegible]ublic general with fresh meats, vegeta[illegible]es, fresh and dried fruits, canned and [illegible]otted goods of all kinds, butter, eggs, [illegible]esh fish of all kinds, poultry, &c.

—Wm. Brown, Soloman Decoursey, [illegible]encer Murray, Miss Laura Saunders, [illegible]C. Matthews, John Henry Smith, Mrs. [illegible]ssett and daughter, Lieut Shepherd of [illegible] Baltimore Rifles and Lieut. Flint, [illegible]re among the visitors from Baltimore [illegible]see the procession and attend the con[illegible]rt; while here they were the guest of [illegible]encer Murray.

—This time it is from the Land of Flow[illegible] that we learn that our old friend [illegible]atthew M. Lewey, a former student of [illegible]oward University Law Department, [illegible]ss of 75, now a rising lawyer and [illegible]mber of the legislature, has been united [illegible] holy matrimony to Miss Bessie R. [illegible]hestnut, sister to the Rev., of the Pen[illegible]n office. The ceremony took place [illegible]hursday at the M. E. Church in the [illegible]n of Gainesville.

—Friday night of last week a very [illegible] audience was assembled at Bethel [illegible] to witness the presentation of a [illegible]ome Turkey Morocco Bible to Union [illegible]el Church. The Bible was the gift [illegible]Messrs. J. S. Coolidge J. King and [illegible]re. The idea was the result of a [illegible]by Miss Annie E Geary. The [illegible]ntation was made by Mr. [illegible]ell and the Rev. J. A. Handy accepted the present. Musical exercises by Misses Chanie Patterson and Mattie E. Freeman, Mrs. R. J. Smith and Mr. J. T. Layton were interspersed Miss Black presided at the piano.

—J. D. Kennedy, Esq., our genial friend, is in the city looking well. Wonder if he is fence-building.

—Mr. I. C. Wears, of Philadelphia, was in the city this week on business, and to assist in celebrating the Emancipation proclamation. He also visited Bethel Literary on Tuesday evening.

—Mr. T. Thomas Fortune, the able editor of the New York *Globe*, passed through our city en route for Richmond and Petersburg, where he is booked for two lectures.

—Mr. Robert Woodson, who died last Sunday morning after a brief attack of pneumonia, was buried from 19th street Baptist church last Tuesday at 3 o'clock p. m. The G. U. O. of Odd Fellows were in attendance to pay their last respects to the deceased brother. Rev. Brooks preached a very timely discourse. The family have the sympathy of the ADVOCATE.

—Miss M. E. Gray, who has been quite sick for several days past, is now recruiting and able to enjoy the few p'easant days just passed. We trust that Miss Gray will continue to improve, and our wishes is echoed by her many friends.

—The 55th anniversary of the birth of Mr. James L. Thomas was the occasion of a very pleasant party at his residence last Tuesday evening. Mrs. Thomas and her daughter entertained the guests, who besides many of his personal friends included his associates of the vestry of St. Luke's and their families. It is unnecessary to say that the supper in waiting was all that could be desired, for Mr. Thomas' experience as a caterer is well known. After the salads, the oysters, the jellies, the charlotte russe, and the creams, were discussed brief speeches pertinent to the occasion were made by Dr. A. Crummell, D. E. Murray, Mr. Thomas and Mr. J. W. Cromwell. Long live Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and their pleasant family.

Flies and Bugs

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs rats mice, gopher chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats. 15c.

OUR SCHOOLS.

BY LE DUKE.

One of the most recent additions to *our* school system is that which provides for Supervising Principals; and just to what extent they are useful we shall presently see. Now the very first thing of which I desire to disabuse in the minds of my gentle readers, is the idea that I am opposed to Supervisors. On the contrary, experience has clearly shown that in other large cities the institution of supervising Principals has proved highly beneficial in the matter of securing the real aims and objects of a school system. I am in favor of them. They exercise a jurisdiction over the whole scope of training. Their presence and conduct, when modest and respectable, give dignity to the institution and exert a powerful and salutary influence upon teacher and scholar. O, yes, gentle reader, a Supervising Principal is a very useful functionary. But I should like to have you go with me over the distinctions. In the abstract, a Supervising Principal does not amount to much. Before it can command any respect, it must be materialized—that is to say it must take on the conditions of man. And you know we have very many species of the man.

Now, there is the "dude" or, perhaps, to put it more commonly, a sort of æsthetic gyascutus "too utterly utter la-da-da" man. Then we have several types which have been the result of evolutions fore and aft. In the ascending line from the first named, we have a man of common sense with some regard for the feelings of others and one who has moral courage enough to confess (should he be placed, by favoritism or otherwise into a position for the duties of which he is utterly incompetent) his weakness and modesty retire into his own proper sphere of activity. Then there is a species just below the "la-da-da" sort, you know, who seem unfitted for anything but, who will take anything offered or available, simply because some one *might* get it who could appreciate the duties it imposes and do honor to the position.

Now I do not mean to say that we have among us a Supervising Principal who represents the species immediately above referred to. I don't mean that at all. I simply say that there are some men who would take such a position, if they could get it. But I learn that there is a Supervising Principal among us who is doing serious damage to the discipline of our schools. And, just here, I should like to state that it is by discipline of the highest order, that we may hope to have anything like successful schools. We must recognize in the pupils certain elements calculated to secure the best discipline; we must recognize in the teacher the capacity to perform the largest share in securing obedience and developing in the pupil the nobler impulses of the soul and the best qualities of the mind. There should be a generous affiliation throughout the whole system. The teacher should not infringe upon the rights of the pupil, the Supervising Principal should not infringe on the rights of teachers. The vicinity of 4th and L street is considerable agog over the manner in which a Supervising Principal entered a certain teacher's room and without offering to her the courtesy which commonly passes between the most ordinary persons, with a disgusting air of authority proceeded to demand certain things not inquiring whether such demands were or were not compatible with proper discipline. When a teacher becomes so ordinary that she can not claim ordinary politeness from her Supervising Principal its time for Le Duke to be roosting high. Now, the good people of our city do not like to see this. They are expecting great things from the teachers and are no doubt looking to the Supervisor to assist in evolving these good results. But if the Principal is to provoke disgust and illfeeling by an ungentlemanly and disgusting demeanor co-operation must be impossible and the aims of the school system will be misdirected.

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How many times I have heard this said "I could get along nicely with my work if my feet did not feel so uncomfortable and even painful." Without any doubt the woman who makes this remark goes about the house in thin, loose slippers. I used to do it myself. I thought I had to because others did, but a few experiments convinced me that the only way to do work comfortably is to wear thick-soled shoes. One very soon becomes accustomed to them, and will find great relief. There is always more or less running out-doors to be done, and there is great danger of taking cold if the feet are not well protected.

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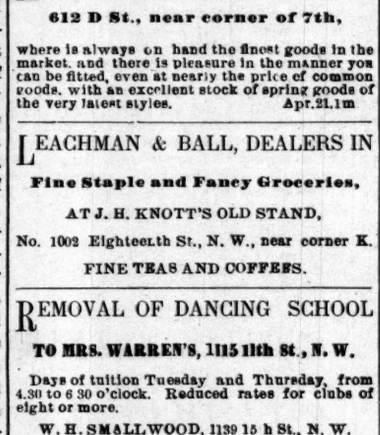

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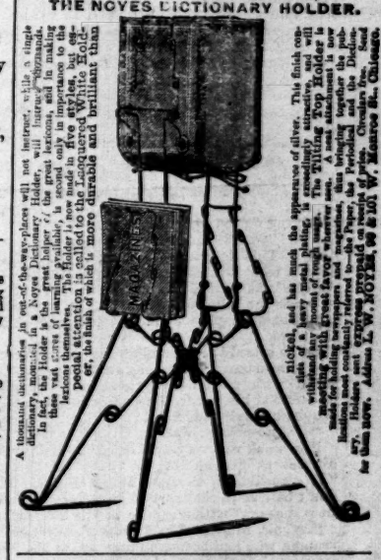

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EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

BEWITCHED IN MID OCEAN.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

"Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed."

Old superstitions, like old religions, take a great deal of killing. About no four-footed creature have religious beliefs or superstitions clung more tenaciously than about the cat, from the feline deity of Egypt, and the gaunt grimalkin of the witches, to the tame tabby of our fireside. It is difficult, however, to believe that in this quarter of the nineteenth century and among sane Englishmen, pussy should ever be an object of fear and foreboding. Yet hear the story of my friend, the captain of the Seamew, recently come into port after an unusually stormy and strange passage from Baltimore:

We had a capital run for several days. After dropping down the river, we gave her sheet across the cold belt of water that lies along the coast, and out we "swished" into the stream and away along it.

"Jack," says I to my mate, who has sailed with me in the Seamew for many a year, "Home in thirty days. Eh?"

"Humph," said Jack, "maybe." Jack was a Scotchman, and cautious about an opinion.

Well, on March 14 (I have reason to remember the date) a little after 12 o'clock, in latitude 41 degrees north and longitude 53 degrees west (I had just taken our bearings and remembered 'em), I was sweeping round with my glass careless like, when I sighted a ship on our starboard bow. I had a good look; she was a bark, and was flying signals of distress. I called Jack.

"Jack," said I, when he had looked, "what do you think? We must bear down on her, I suppose?"

"Humph," said Jack. "Ay, I suppose."

We shortened sail and bore down. We came within hail, but nobody answered from the bark. Presently, though, a boat was launched and pulled toward us; but their pulling was weak and "dippy."

Then a man stood up in the middle of the boat, tugged his coat off and waved it and sang out, "Ahoy! Ahoy!" in a half-cracked kind of voice. This was odd, and I tramped up and down, impatient to hear what they wanted.

"We are starving!" That's what the captain that stood up in the middle said. "We are starving," said he. "The Lily, of Plymouth outward bound for Baltimore."

We got 'em up the side. I took the master into the cabin, and sent the men for'ard. Lord to see that man drink and eat! With a delirious eagerness, as you might say, and yet afraid to eat too fast or too much. He knew he must keep in his awful appetite, and still it would keep breaking from him. He told us their story 'n scraps between. They had been provisioned for three months, and that was their 125th day out! The weather they had experienced had been most peculiar; not stormy, but playful and perverse-like; sometimes blowing this way, sometimes that, often not blowing at all. Nearly eleven weeks had gone by before they sighted Cape Henry, and when they did, down came a furious, sprawling nor'wester, and drove 'em out to sea again. And so they had beaten about in adverse winds, of course, ever since. Their last drop of water and their last scrap of biscuit went five days ago. Then they came to cooking their boots, and sucking the oil from the lamps, even from the binnacle.

"We ate my dog last!" And the poor fellow burst into tears. "As sure as fate," said he, looking oddly at me, "we have been bewitched."

"Bewitched!" said I. "What now—what makes you think of such a thing?"

"Ah, well," said he, "I don't know. But we'll see."

After that he was in a hurry to return to his ship. We filled their boat and a boat of our own with all the provisions we thought we could spare (and there was thirteen of 'em, an awkward number to feed.) Jack went with our boat, and when he came back says he to me:

"That skipper 's not a bad sort, though he be a Cardiff man. He 's sent ye this keg o' spirits—and it may be as well out o' their way now—and, what d'ye think? four bottles o' champagne in the basket here! They had thought o' saving them for land sight, but he 's sent them to you."

We looked in the basket of champagne at once. The bottles lay sloped in with their heads out. Underneath was a little packing straw, and underneath that—oh, Jack's face and language when he saw it!—a tabby, a brindled cat, lying curled up asleep.

"Oh!" cried Jack. "Oh the sly, ungrateful devil! This is your Welshman, your Taffy! This is what he thought he was bewitched wi'. And he 's been afraid to make away wi' it! So he sends the witchcraft here! The coward he is! But we'll play Jonah's trick, and chance the whale."

So he seized the cat and swung out his arm to toss it overboard; when my little Maggie, that sailed with me this voyage, and that scarce understood his words, but understood his action, caught his wrist and cried:

"Oh, no please; Jack! Give it to me."

Now Jack was very fond of her, so he arrested his act at her bidding at once; but he said, "It 's bewitched, though, Maggie, lass. If I don't believe in that sort o' thing, there 's them here that do," with a glance at the men for'ard.

"Ay, sir, there be," said Dick Sandys, an old seaman who had been standing by all the while helping to haul up the boat by the davit line, and keeping, as I had observed, a sidelong eye on the casket. "There 's them aboard this here Seamew, and I don't say as what I ain't one on 'em myself, as 'll straight off begin to think the rare luck of this here present voyage is gone. But they 'll dread worse luck, sir, if ye throw overboard a brindled cat as has been carried dead across water."

"Is that so?" asked Jack

"Yes," said I, in a low voice. "I've heard that before. But," said I aloud, and looking at Dick, and trying to work off my uneasiness in a joke, "how can you have a 'sea' or any other 'mew' without a cat?"

"This cat," said Jack, "scarcely looks as if she would mew again. Just look at her—skin and bone."

My little Maggie had waked her up with stroking, and the wretched creature tried to stand and to walk, rubbing against Maggie's leg. But she fell over again and again. Jack caught the animal up, and sniffed her breath, while she gave him an averted look, which to me seemed almost human.

"S'elp me," cried Jack. "If they haven't made her drunk, so that she should come here quiet! Did ye ever see a cat like her!"

When Maggie carried the cat into the cabin, I tramped up and down the deck, more uneasy than I cared to let myself know. It was not (as I told Jack) that I was a believer in the superstitions about cats which many sailors still encourage, ut because I knew what desperate work it would be, if anything should happen, to keep in hand a crew that had given themselves up.

It was getting on in the afternoon, and I was still tramping to and fro, when that cat rushed on deck, with Maggie after it. It jumped up on the bulwarks, and, looking and poking its nose over the water, mewed. It leaped back to the deck, and ran along toward the fo'c'sle and round the caboose, and stopped and mewed again. It ran back toward me, and looked round and mewed a third time; and its mewing was loud and distressful, as if wanting to be let out or let in. Maggie followed, calling "Puss, puss! poor pussy! And there was I, and Jack, and further off all the crew looking on and wondering at the creature's movements and cries. There were peculiar one-sided glances and head shakes, I saw, exchanged by the men. To discourage any notice there might be that I also felt concern, I turned to walk up and down as before, having first lit my pipe. What did that cat do but trot off at my heels, looking up and mewing with a kind of bitter greediness, as if I were the cat's-meat man!

"Catch it, Maggie," I said, "and give it something to eat."

"I've given it something, father," said Maggie, "and it won't eat it. But maybe it will now;" and she managed to seize and carry it off.

Now, standing still, I noticed that the smoke of my pipe, instead of being blown away, was curling slowly about my head, rising a little and forming a bit of cloud and then melting away straight up. I did not like the looks of these signs. There was a change working around in the weather, of which, let me tell you, the glass had given no warning.

We had been having a clear sky and a fresh breeze; the breeze fell slack, our sails flapped and "bilged," like as if in disgust, and the most curious dimness and thickness came down around the ship. I am too old a sailor to make a note of every odd change in the look of the sea or sky, but that was the oddest change I ever saw in mid-ocean. I have read a deal of poetry at sea, and I used to write home pieces to Maggie's mother, when she was alive, God bless her! and so I have always by me a sort of taste and eye for what you would call "poetic effects." Well, the effect that day as the nor'-west breeze fell dead, and the sun began to go down, I shall never forget. It became very cold, and mysterious looking haze gathered about the ship in a circle that got always narrower and narrower, till we had not a hundred feet of clear blue all round. The sea lost its briskness and ripple; it took on a dull, steely, oily look, and glided and slid about as if it were the back of a monstrous whale. We seemed at the bottom of a pit of darkness and deviltry; and the bottom we rested on was the fathomless Atlantic! All around us the encroaching haze, and the rising behind and above it a dense dark wall of cloud, touched, in the West at its lofty broken edges with the dim glory of the setting sun, and showing a little space of pale, pure blue above, and in the east and south appearing like an inaccessible gray cliff. From the depths of this cliff seemed to come by and by faint-labored sighs, which gradually became wilder and prolonged themselves into wails of distress and pain. We shortened sails at once down to the lower topsails.

Between 9 and 10 I tucked my little Maggie safe in her berth, and turned in myself, though I knew it would be only for a little while. That cat I did not see anywhere about.

I was wakened suddenly by my head being bumped against the side of my berth. There was a loud report, like the going off of twenty muskets; I felt a sudden spasm as of choking; I caught at my berth and sprang to my feet. You have never been in a hurricane, I dare say? Well, when it first swoops down, it seems to shut you and the ship up with too much breath. In another minute I was on deck; the report had been the noise of a sheet blown to pieces. Jack was roaring through the trumpet, the men were shortening sail—you could just hear the sharp creak of ropes and pulleys through the wind—and that wretched cat was hid somewhere about, mewing its worst. It was 2 o'clock in the morning, hurricane from the northeast with bitter rain, and we lay-to with the lee clew of the lower maintopsail. All on till dawn and through the day it blew and shrieked its loudest. Two men were at the wheel to keep her head up, but I knew that for all that we were driving rapidly back on our track. The drift in the air was so dense that we could not see five yards beyond the ship; and by 5 o'clock it was dark. About 6 o'clock a great sea struck our bows, carried away our head, and let a rush of water like a millrace over our decks. We recoiled a great distance and settled heavily in the trough of the sea. But we rose again with a shudder.

On the second day, after daylight, the hurricane abated, though it still blew a stiff gale. But we were able to slacken something of the grim tenacity of our vigilance, and to look at each other again. I liked not the looks I met. We had passed with comparatively little damage through a terrible danger; and that would have been enough, you would have thought, to lead the sailors to think that both weather and ship were under altogether different and better guidance than the witchery of a tabby cat. Yet they looked sullen and hopeless. I could see from the way they eyed the creature, and drew off from it and its dismal mewings, that they were still bound by a dread of what it might bring upon them. I must confess that I myself disliked the cat, though it seemed moved to wander up and down the deck and into the cabin, and to lament as it did more by some kind of distress than from spite. Maggie was the only one who took any notice of it; and she fed it and followed it about with an unwearied devotion to which the creature did not at all respond.

Next day, though the gale continued to abate, our plight was little improved. The Seamew carried herself heavily, though we could not discover she was making water. The wind was still northeast, against which she not only made no head, but kept losing way. I was therefore, not surprised when Jack came to me in the cabin, and said:

"There's something going on for'ard—no end o' talk and tobacco-juice."

We went on deck.

"Look at them," continued Jack, "there by the chains. See how they shove their shoulders into each other. When a sailor does that, and pulls his own ear as Dick Sandys is doing, there's something up. And they half look this way. Ah, here they come."

There were three of them, headed by Dick Sandys, shyly shouldering their way aft. Dick came pretty straight, pulling at his ear, with his eyes cast down, but with his round, ruddy face shining steadily forward; his comrades lurched about, looking from side to side, and touching things as they passed.

"Well, Dick," said I, "you want to speak to me, I suppose, you and your mates?"

"Ay, ay, sir; if you will kindly give us a word. Me and them, sir"—jerking his thumb over his shoulder—"comes as a deppytation from the fo'c'sle. We ain't go no notion of dictation to the Captain, but we want to put ye in possession, sir, of what we're a thinkin' about. Eh, mates?"

Ay, ay.

"We see how its agoing to be. This here v'yage 'll never again get into no harbor; and some day one on them big steamers 'll come across her all a rottin, wi' not a sign o' life aboard but a cursed striped cat in the rigging. It's bound to live somehow—eh, mates? Well, sir, we ain't a-blamin' nobody. It's our luck, and the damed trick of that Lily. That's bound to be our luck wi' that there cat aboard; but it's not to be expected as how we'll take it meek and mild. Well, ye see, sir, they say, worse luck if ye throw her overboard. Jest so. But now this is what we were a-thinking; Suppose we set her adrift in an old tub."

This dark suggestion he conveyed in a low voice, with his hand to the side of his mouth, after a glance around to make sure the cat was not in hearing. Then he looked at me with a steady wistful eye, his mates fidgeted and looked over the ship's sides, as though they felt half ashamed of the plot to which they had given their adherence.

I considered a moment. I had, of course, no real belief that getting rid of the cat thus would give us a fair wind; yet still it was worth trying; it involved only the sacrifice of the cat, and if it did not change the wind, it would at least change the looks of my crew. But what would my little Maggie say? However, I turned at once to Dick.

"You can try it," said I. "I give you full leave—though, mark you, I don't believe in the nonsense. But get hold of it without my little girl seeing you."

"Ay, ay, sir."

II.

Ah, it was a bad night. The wind whistled in ropes and cords, and spars and rigging creaked wearily. The broken water now and then came swash on our bulwarks, and twirling and hissing over us. Ah, my hearties, believe me, it's better ashore than at sea! The cat was got and put into the tub, and over she went into the darkness and the rush and hiss of the mighty waters with a dreadful mew, that made our flesh creep.

I was glad that I did not see the men's faces. I felt—I don't know what. Then I went aft a step or two till I was close to the wheel and looking astern. I had stood maybe a minute or more, when, lo and behold! I saw just where the glimmer of the binnacle light fell on the bulwarks, the head and the staring eyes of that cat! I dashed forward just on the impulse. It was clambering on board again.

"Down, you brute!" I cried, pushing at it. God! how it clawed into the wood! "Down you wretch! you devil!"

It mewed terribly, held on with every claw, but—yes, yes! with furious, half-terrified hands—I tore it away and flung it out. I had not noticed that the men had come about me.

"Ah! and deliver us, sir!" said Dick, at my elbow. "You've done for us now! Lord knows what'll happen!"

In the feeble light I saw his and his companions' faces staring on me with a ghastly terror. I felt now like a fool and a criminal. Dick had barely done speaking, and I had just turned round, when a little white figure appeared. It was my little Maggie.

"Father," she whispered, "where are you? I heard my pussy mew, and I can't find her. Where is she? Have you seen my pussy, father?"

"Your father has thrown her into the sea, missy," said one of the men. "And what'll come o't, God knows."

How exasperated I was with that man! "You'd better go for'ard, you men," was all I said, however. But, before any of us had time to stir, the crest of a wave, like a great white flying mane, flung itself over and drenched us. I caught Maggie in my arms all dripping, and carried her below. She said nothing, but looked at me in a way that cut me to the heart; her gaze was frightened and half turned away. I had no word to say for myself. I changed her nightgown and put her back in her berth. She shivered and snuggled down with her head under the bed clothes. After a little she peeped out and said to me:

"When you are some day angry with me, will you maybe throw me into the sea?"

I could not bear it. "Oh, Maggie, my child, my darling!" I cried, taking her in my arms; "don't talk and look like that. The cat was a bad cat, and brought us ill luck and bad weather."

"I thought," said Maggie, simply, "it was God made the weather." I was silent. After a pause she cried: "I want my pussy back, father. Get me it back. It was not bad, and I liked it."

"I wish, my dear," I said, "I could bring you it back."

Was it a mew I heard, and a scratching, or was it only the wind above, and the dash of the water at the port-hole? Maggie had heard it, too, she sat up, and her eyes were fixed on the port-hole. With some difficulty I pulled it open, and in scrambled the cat!

I was never more delighted by the sight of any living thing than I was by the return of that poor, half-drowned cat. Such a weight of guilt was lifted off me! I felt almost like a little boy again, there, with my little girl beside me. The to-do that Maggie, and I made over the poor, outraged creature! I confess to you truly the tears came to my eyes. Maggie kissed it, all wet and shivering as it was, the brave little swimmer! I went to the cook and got some hot mess for it to eat, and prepared a snug little bed before the cabin stove, and poor grateful pussy licked my hand.

"Captain! Captain!" I heard eagerly whispered from the top of the cabin steps. I should have been on deck, and was turning to go—after a glance at Maggie, with a shawl about her sitting down by her recovered pussy—when the cook stumbled hurriedly down into the cabin, whispering in terror. "They've got at the spirits, Captain, and they're mad! They've knocked Dick down for standing up for you, and they're sure, as you threw the cat over-board, the only way to save the ship is to throw you after it! They're coming!"

And before another word could be said, or anything done, they were come. I suppose they at once suspected the cook of being informer; in a moment he was gagged and bound. I stood before them with what calmness I had; though I felt my cheek pale and my blood tingle to see all the desperate crew crowded in before me. They were no drunk; they were only primed to the Dutch courage point: their faces were blood-shot and resolute.

"What is the meaning of this, my men?" I asked firmly. "Mutiny?"

At the dreadful word they quailed a little, but Bill Bowser—he who had told Maggie I had drowned the cat, and who seemed the ringleader—made a step forward and said (he was an ugly dab of a man, with something like a squint, but he could speak to the point):

"No mutiny, Captain, only self-preservation, the first law of nature. That darned cat has been thrown overboard, and to save the ship and all the rest of us you must follow it, Captain, cause you done it."

I was about to speak, when Maggie, who looked very much surprised, but not in the least frightened, said, standing up in her sweet childish beauty, with the shawl slipping from her shoulders: "Look, pussy was in the sea, but she's come back again;" and she showed them the cat in her arms.

They were dumbfounded, and smitten with confusion. They stared at me, and at Maggie and the cat, and they shouldered toward the stair. Bill Bowser again made himself spokesman.

"I'm blest," said he, "but that cat has the devil in her as sure as David. But look a-here, Captain, we must just set her adrift again, and tie her in this time."

"Now," said I, "I won't allow a hair of that cat to be touched again. And I advise all you men to clear out of this at once, or I shall take note of it and reckon it an attempt at mutiny." I spoke in a loud, commanding tone, to rouse Jack, who was in his berth close by.

"Oh, you will, will you?" said Bowser, now snarling out the rebellious spirit natural to him, and suggestively lowering his head and drawing up his sleeve from his right wrist: I felt sure he had his knife handy. "If it's to be reckoned mutiny, it may as well be made worth reckoning. Down with him mates?"

I caught the gleam of his knife; I had no weapon; I threw my cap in his face, and next instant floored him with my fist. At this juncture, as if in answer to little Maggie's cry, out burst Jack, half-dressed, revolver in hand.

"Halloa! Eh? What's this?" he cried.

I took the revolver from his hand and pointed it among the men, who looked some sulky, some bewildered, but none inclined to follow Bowser's initiative.

"Now," said I, "I give you another chance. Be off at once to the fo'c'sle, or—." I clicked the trigger of the revolver.

"Ay, ay. Captain," they murmured, and tumbled up to the deck as fast as they could. "We didn't mean no harm, sir," pleaded those who were nearest me, and who were forced to linger.

No, the lubbers! no harm! But if Bill Bowser had struck me down with his knife, they would not have moved a finger or a tongue to save me, or to keep themselves from the crimes of mutiny and murder on the high seas. Yes, that's what your merchant seamen have come to, nowadays! As for Bill Bowser, he was, of course, put in irons.

Now, soon after daylight, with a nasty sea still running and the wind in the southeast, the man at the lookout sighted a bark with signals of distress flying. She was about two miles off our larboard quarter By and by we signalled what was the matter. "Leaking," was the answer; "all hands at the pumps." Then he set the ship's letters, and we made out the name—what do you think?—the Lily! Could it be the same Lily—the Lily, of Plymouth—as we had passed on our other quarter nearly a week ago? It might be; for, ye see, these hurricanes often, maybe always, work in a circle. Cyclone, d'ye say? Ay, yes; that's what we call them when met in the tropics. Well, we bore down on each other, and I took the opportunity of having a word or two with my men, to set myself right with them, and to make them, if I could, throw off that superstition about the cat. I called them aft.

"Now," said I, "you needn't look frightened. I'm not going to say anything about last night's affair. I agree to call it all a mistake, if you will give up your foolish, old wives' notion about my cat here. I say my cat, because I am determined to take it home with me, and leave it with my little girl here. Now, look at it; hasn't it the nicest little face a cat ever had? How can you believe there is a devil in the creature?"

"The devil," said one, "often hangs out the prettiest figureheads, sir."

"Well," said I, "that's true. But now, you're sailors: you can't refuse shelter, and you can't surely think ill of a poor dumb creature that was twice thrown into the sea, and twice came back to the old ship, and that, after all, licked the hand that threw her out—ay, and—took ye!—licks it now."

"Hooray for the Captain!"

"But, my hearties," said I, "there's another thing." And this was my stout point. "You see that bark out there? She's called the Lily, and I believe she's the same as smuggled this cat aboard of us! Now, has she gained anything by losing the cat? When she's been caught in the same hurricane as we have, and she's come worse out of it; she's driven far from her course, and she's leaking dangerously."

They turned out and looked at each other and nodded; they evidently thought there was something in it.

"We keep the cat, then," said I, "whether the Lily would like it back or no. Is that agreed?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

It was a bad sea, but we lowered a boat as we and the Lily approached; I particularly wanted to go aboard of her. I got the basket cat in which pussy had come to us, replaced her as we had found her, and put the empty champagne bottles on top.

The crew of the Lily were dropping with fatigue when we went aboard, but, Lord! to see how the skipper and them about him woke up when they saw us. Astonishment is no word for it.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "And you are the Seamew!"

"And you are the Lily!" said I. "That was a nice present you sent me. I have brought back the bottles and the basket;" and so saying, I uncovered pussy, who to my amazement, jumped out and bounded off. I had only intended to show the skipper she was there. The poor man stared, his jaw dropped, and he sank down on a coil of rope, with his head in his hands, uttering a long, hopeless groan.

"Come, my friend, cheer up,' I said:

"We've almost nothing to eat," said he, "we've been at the pumps two days, and now that brute has come back! There's no use standing by them any more; our voyage comes to an end here, and down, down we go. We might as well have kept the beast; the old wretch's words have come true, and we finish in the middle, as she said."

I doubted his mind was wandering. "Come," said I, "bestir yourself and give orders. There's no use staying by the ship any longer; you must abandon her and come with me."

"What! leave the Lily? She's a good old ship, and she's my own; no, I'll go down with her and that cursed cat. Take off the crew, sir, however, and I'll thank you."

I could not make up my mind to think him deranged, and yet—. Just then the cat came bounding along the deck with something in her mouth, and all hands paused and stared. She put it in the basket at my feet, where she herself had lain, and again bounded away. It was a kitten! and alive! The skipper stared stupidly. Presently pussy returned with another.

"That's what's done it!" cried the skipper, with gathering fury: "after I got rid of her, they were here, and I never knew it!" He rose in his rage, and, siezing a crow-bar, would have smashed basket and all, but he was easily restrained and disarmed.

"Let me have them," said I; "my little girl will like them."

"What!" he cried, in something like an ecstacy of gladness. "And you will take the mother, too!" Then becoming again despondent, "but it is of no use now; I feel we are going down."

Pussy had returned with her third kitten, which was dead, and had begun to pur with delight, and to rub herself round my leg, when he roused himself and ordered all hands to take to the boats. We stood by them in our own boat (with pussy and her brood in the basket on the stern-seat), waiting to give them a towline to our ship. When all the hands were in the boats there was a pause. Was not the skipper coming? No. "Cast off." The Lily was settling down rapidly, and the crew cast off with little concern. The skipper's last act was to launch with a curse a broken pulley-block at the basket in our stern, as we rode off It just missed the boat, and slashed into the sea. The Lily went down before we reached the Seamew.

Next day we had a fair wind, and our crowded ship crowded all sail and went merrily racing, dipping and splashing for home. In our new, bright hopes of our voyage we all, I think, felt rather ashamed of our dreadful suspicions of pussy. At any rate, every one showed the utmost tenderness and solicitude for her and her two kittens.

How had the kittens been kept alive on the Lily all that week? you ask. I don't know; but I have heard of a rat playing the part of mother under similar circumstances, and I am certain there were rats in the Lily.

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